BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1944

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STANLEY JACKSON
C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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SevenSeaS is the richest, most dependable cod liver oil. Remember it is not a medicine; it is a concentrated, highly nourishing food, digestible and pleasant to take as a mealtime supplement. Try taking as much as your system needs every day and see how much better you feel !

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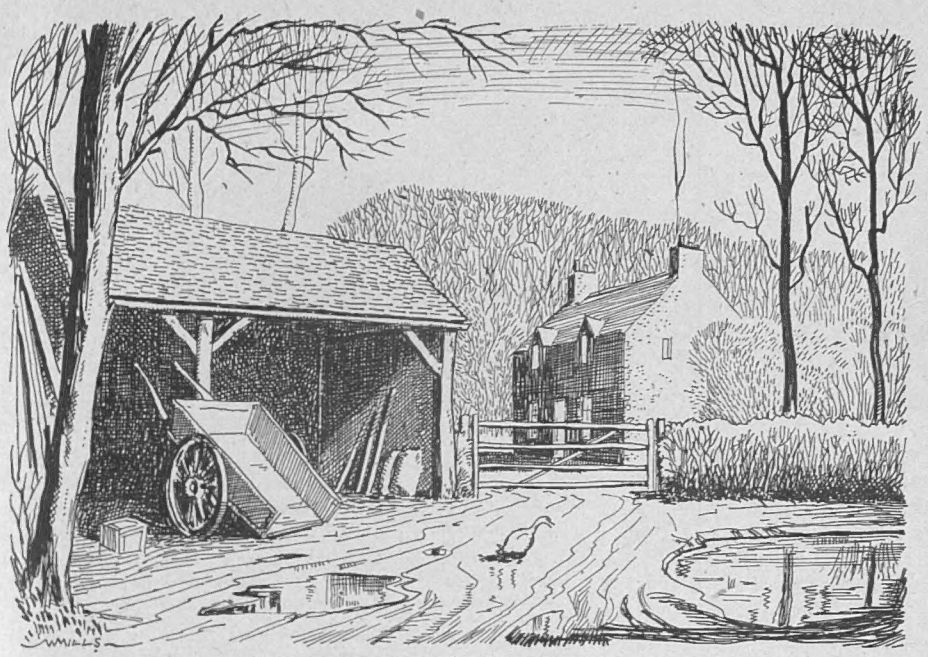
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 28, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1944



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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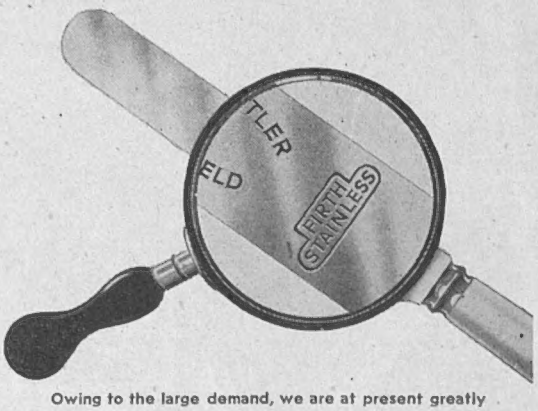

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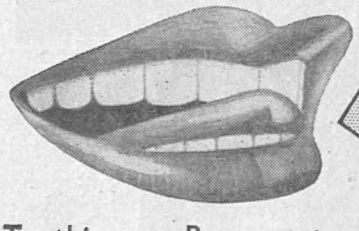

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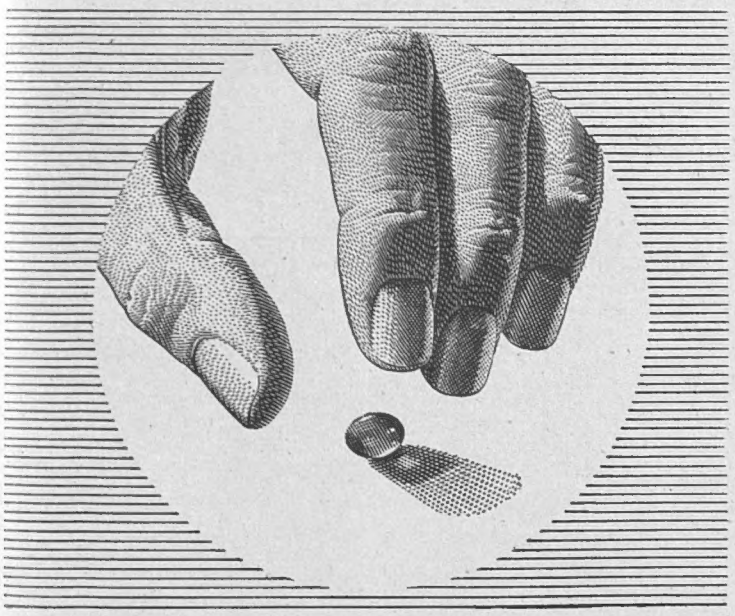

RATIONING MAKES *EXTRA* VITAMIN SUPPLY ESSENTIAL

The body must have enough vitamins A and D if it is to remain healthy. Before rationing most of us got sufficient of these in our ordinary meals, but wartime diets tend to reduce the vitamin value of our food.

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C3

The lighter side of cooking

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But what about fats, you may ask? It is amazing how much extra fat you can have for cooking when you render down all your odd pieces. Then there is the fat that rises on stews, soups, sauces. When this is clarified use for frying and savoury pastry. This saves cooking fat and margarine for cakes and puddings. The free leaflet, offered at the bottom of the panel below, will tell you how to render down and clarify. Why not send that postcard now?

Nice things your family will love

Chocolate Biscuits

2 oz. fat, 8 oz. flour, pinch of salt, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. grated raw potato, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond essence, Household Milk to mix.

Rub fat into flour and salt. Add sugar, cocoa, potato and essence. Mix to a dry dough with the milk. Roll out thinly, cut into shapes, bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes.

□★□

Scottish Ginger Cake

This recipe from "the Land of Cakes" is adapted from a winner in a recent County Championship sponsored by the Scottish Education Department.

1½ oz. margarine, 1 oz. sugar, 1 oz. syrup, 1 level tablespoon dried egg, 2 tablespoons water, 3 oz. flour, 3 oz. oatmeal, 2 level teaspoons ginger, 1½ level teaspoons cinnamon, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, a little milk.

Cream margarine, sugar and egg (dry), add melted syrup and beat well. Add the water, and the rest of the dry ingredients, and a little milk if necessary. Turn into an 8-inch sandwich tin and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Scones for Tea or Supper

8 oz. flour, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 level dessertspoon sugar, pinch of salt, 1 oz. margarine, Household or fresh milk to mix.

Mix flour, sugar, salt and baking powder; rub in margarine, make into fairly soft dough with milk. Roll out to a good inch thick, cut into shapes and bake in hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes. You can serve split, and spread with jam.

Or before baking you can add any dried fruit; or flavour with cocoa (and a little more sugar) or a little ginger, or grated cheese.

If you have any bottled fruit bake the dough in one large round (this will take 20 to 30 minutes), pull open while hot, spread with drained fruit, sprinkle with sugar and put under the grill until the sugar is browned and melted.

This dough is also excellent as piecrust (without the sugar) rolled fairly thick.

FREE

LEAFLET "Making the Fat Ration go further," which also contains recipes, may be had by sending a postcard marked "Fat Saving Leaflet" to the Food Advice Service, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

M.F. 1944

(S.82)

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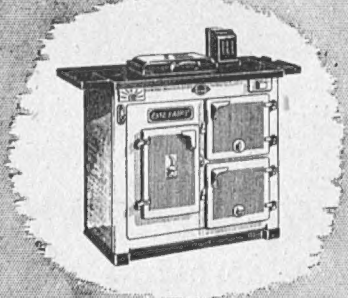

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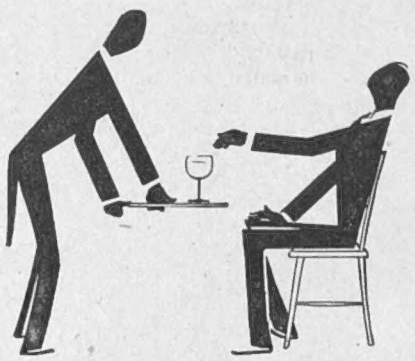


Many Happy Returns to

Schweppes

Britannia & Eve February 1944

" I yelled lots as I drifted away from the ship," said Lucy

Girl Adrift

The Mystery of an Atlantic Convoy

By

Richard Howells Watkins

LUCY felt herself being heaved upward roughly, dropped and rolled from side to side. Besides that, there was something wrong with her wrist. It was heavy and constrained. What was all this ? She gave it up and opened her eyes.

The little light that had been fastened to her bulky life-saving suit was now taped to her wrist. It was not aglow, but the sight was warming to her. That feeble ray had been her one hope in all the salty, wet, hissing blackness.

She started up. She was in a berth in a very small cabin. She stared around. Bare, masculine, shippy.

She remembered everything. She slid to the floor, finding herself in enormous blue flannel pyjamas. She pulled a blanket around her and pushed aside the curtain in the doorway. She moved in jerks down a short, plunging passageway past two other curtained staterooms. Turning a corner, she stopped at the door of a small room with a table at one side.

Two naval officers in worn uniforms sat at ease at this table. Each held a soup-plate elevated in one hand. However this table, room and ship swooped and swerved, they continued calmly to spoon soup from their plates to their mouths.

She stared, fascinated. They never spilled a drop.

" I had another, an Irish setter called Red," said one man. His voice just overcame the rumble of the ship and the thump and swish of seas deluging two closed port lights. " That dog could——"

He saw her and stopped. He was not surprised. He stood up. A tall, young man, brown-eyed, cheerful.

" Steward," he said to a closed slide above a sideboard, " our passenger has come to. Coffee."

" I 'll tell the Old Man," said the other officer. He slid off the settee and gave her a friendly grin as he passed her.

" You 're in his Majesty's Canadian corvette *Dufferin*," said the tall officer. He looked at her solicitously. " Feeling fit ? Would you like some rum in your coffee ? "

She shook her head as he pulled out a chair for her.

" Name 's Benham—Peter Benham," he said. " Navigation officer. It was in my watch—the middle watch—that we fished you out last night. You weren't bad at all, though unconscious."

Lucy opened her eyes more widely. In spite of his solicitude, he didn't take mere unconsciousness seriously.

" What Captain MacCrummond will want to know most is whether your ship was torpedoed last night." He frowned in perplexity.

" Shall I 'old it for you, Miss ? " asked a short, baldheaded man who was suddenly at her elbow, doing the balancing-trick with a cup and saucer. " And 'ere 's another blanket."

Dexterously he tucked it around her, still holding the coffee. When she took the cup from him the coffee went wild. He took it back and put the cup to her lips.

" I 'll 'ave your uniform ironed for you in no time, Miss," the steward promised as she drank. " An American Waac, aren't you, Miss, and a second leftenant, by that gold bar ? "

" A third officer—same thing," Lucy said.

" We didn't see or hear anything—and not a ping out of the Asdic all night," Benham said absently, as if resuming a discussion.

He straightened up as an older and heavier man in a duffle coat hurried in. " Captain MacCrummond," he said.

" There ye are, Miss, fit and able," the captain said genially. His speech was flavoured by a pleasant Scot's burr. Thick, curly grey eyebrows overhung his steady eyes. " Now tell me—was your ship torpedoed out of the eastbound convoy last night—Friday night ? "

" No," Lucy said. " I think she was captured—and probably scuttled."

" Captured ! " She had jolted both Captain MacCrummond and Sub-Lieutenant Benham. " Captured ? "

" Please start with the name of this ship—and your own, my dear," Captain MacCrummond said.

" The *Silver Prince*," Lucy said. " Lucy Oliver, third officer. They pushed me and nine other Waacs on her when we got there at the last minute. A little old freighter."

The captain waited, not too patiently.

" I was berthed alone on a lower deck," Lucy said, speaking more quickly. " The steward, a nice old Norwegian, but hard to understand, came sliding into my tiny

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

room without knocking. He was excited. He pointed to the life-saving suit he 'd given me—I think now it was his own suit—and he——"

She clipped this sentence off. "Something had happened. I—I could feel it. He hustled me into the suit and hurried me up on deck. He kept whispering 'Sh!' and peeking around."

Pete Benham leaned forward. Captain MacCrummond's grey eyes were severe.

"He helped me into a lifeboat already swinging out and went back for the others. I understood him to say the Germans had seized the ship and would sink her."

"What Germans?" Pete Benham burst out. "I beg pardon, Sir."

"Aye," said Captain MacCrummond. "What Germans?"

Lucy hesitated. "I thought at first he meant some of the crew were German agents," she said. "One man, calling himself Jensen, a junior engineer, was often prowling around near the bridge."

Captain MacCrummond sat back. He made it plain he thought she had been reading books.

"As I was drifting away from the ship I 'm sure I saw a blacker mass near her," she said. "Like a submarine."

"Ye were drifting away?" Captain MacCrummond repeated.

"Yes," Lucy said. "While I was in the boat I heard men shouting, shots, running. Somebody came rushing up to the lifeboat. I—I think it was this Jensen. I ducked down. Next instant one end of the boat dropped. He must have cut the ropes—the tackle—at that end. I was flung out. Into the sea. I drifted away. It was then I thought I saw the U-boat."

"Did the ship sink?" Captain MacCrummond asked. His eyebrows curled in perplexed inquisition. "Any explosion, fire, flares, more excitement?"

"No," Lucy said. "Not a thing. I just drifted away."

The captain nodded to Sub-Lieutenant Benham, who spoke at once:

"Did you have a terrible feeling of not being able to scream?"

"No," said Lucy curtly. What kind of question was that? "I yelled when the boat dropped. And again—lots as I drifted away."

"No other ship of the convoy helped you?" the captain asked.

"There weren't any other ships. We had broken down that night about eight o'clock and the convoy had left us. The engines were still stopped when the steward woke me."

"Aye, yes," said Captain MacCrummond bleakly. He looked disapprovingly at the blunt, unlovely fingernails of one hand.

A sailor appeared at the wardroom door and removed his cap.

The captain stood up. Plainly he was puzzled. "Tell the First Lieutenant I am coming," he said. The seaman hurried away.

"We 'll see that ye 're comfortable as may be, lass," the captain said kindly. "Mr. Benham!" He moved to the door.

Lucy sat still. She listened with intensity. Pete Benham's voice reached her through the rumble of the ship.

"It 's understandable, Sir," he said. "I had intended—go in for medicine. The poor girl was upset. Why not? Delicate-looking little thing. Her ship left behind, a sitting duck, when the engines quit. She climbed into that life-saving suit—her uniform under it. Finally, she got to sleep."

"Aye—and then?" said the captain.

"Has a terrible nightmare—starts up, out the door, up on deck—makes a jump for the boat—and goes overboard. Then mixes up the dream and reality in the terror of being adrift."

Lucy turned her eyes and caught Benham making a slight gesture, a detestable "Elementary, my dear Watson," sort of gesture.

A rush of blood pulsed through her. For the first time since she had awakened she felt like herself, like Lucy Oliver. She felt fine. The drain of the cold water that had been drawing off her life-blood was gone.

"Why, that impertinent, would-be quack medico!" she whispered furiously. "'Delicate-looking little thing'! I 'll——" She forced herself back into her chair. "I 'll make him grovel!"

"Aye," said the captain. "Take my cabin, Benham. She 'll be safer sleeping down here, where the steward and all can keep an eye on her—for more dreams."

"There ye are, Miss, fit and able," the captain said genially. His speech was flavoured by a pleasant Scot's burr. "Now tell me—was your ship torpedoed out of the eastbound convoy last night—Friday night?"

Captain MacCrummond ascended the ladder. Pete Benham came back into the wardroom. He smiled at her. He was sorry for her! No tactics could be too ruthless, no deal too raw, to cure a young man like that of his colossal ego. Hysterical was she? She felt enormously well. "Like a hungry ogre," she told herself, looking at him under lowered lids. "I 'll tell him that—later."

"Please, Mr. Benham," she said faintly. "Could—would you mind helping me along to—to my room? I—I 'm feeling dizzy."

Pete Benham looked startled. Before he could move, the steward popped out.

"'Askell will tyke care o' you, Miss," the steward soothed. "Lord love you, lydy, 'Askell was a first-class steward in the North Atlantic run before them Jerries acted up. English, I am. Lean on me, Miss. I won't let this corvette throw you."

Pete Benham followed down the corridor and towered at the door of his stateroom while the steward tucked her in.

"A little food is indicated, Haskell," he said.

More of his medical mumbo-jumbo! Would it be worth while to ask Haskell privately if there was such a thing as a lipstick in this bouncing little man-of-war?

"Where 's your home?" Pete Benham asked.

"Detroit."

"Detroit!" He was pleased. "I was born in Ontario, across the river from Detroit. We 're practically neighbours. Try to rest."

He walked away before she could think of anything alluring.

She ignored his departure and picked at the light still taped to her wrist.

"'Ere, I 'll take it off," said Haskell. "Mr. Benham's idea, that was! 'It 'll reassure 'er, that will, waking up in a strange ship,' 'e said."

"I'll teach him to read my thoughts," she told herself. "I'll crush him like a peanut."

After Haskell had fed her—and the food tasted good, too—Lucy rubbed her cheeks and lips vigorously. That produced some colour. She found, after some search, a measly little shaving mirror and did what else she could. On demand, Haskell produced her uniform with only a little worried clucking. One glance at it produced revulsion.

She must be a Waac first and a woman later. She couldn't fix this Pete Benham as he deserved to be fixed. He was an officer of the United Nations. And she was an officer of the United Nations. Personalities were out. Femininity was out. His job was sinking Nazis and her job was to convince him she had some Nazis for him to sink. She had failed to make them believe her. She dressed and hurried up on deck.

The little corvette was thrusting her bow sturdily through breaking grey seas and knocking them into spray. With some

haste she climbed higher. She reached the bridge, a square platform, as long as the ship was wide, with a small house in the middle. She moved unchallenged, past seamen standing by a big searchlight with slats like a Venetian blind across its lens and past other men cleaning a long-barrelled gun.

Look-outs stared intently forward at either side of the forward bridge rail. Captain MacCrummond, pacing restlessly, had his eyes on the sea ahead of his ship. Another officer, beside a gleaming compass stand—" a binnacle," she amended—kept on searching the horizon after a quick, appreciative glance at her. She decided that she had done a fair job with the mirror. But, after all, as the only girl in the ship . . .

At a corner of the house, with his hands tucked behind his back, Sub-Lieutenant Benham towered. And though his eyes were turned skyward, as if he expected a flock of dive-bombers any instant now, he was not really looking at the grey, hurrying clouds. He was in a trance. Thought furrowed his brow. He did not see her.

She walked up to him briskly. He came to with a start and looked down at her. His height made things harder.

" Mr. Benham," she said curtly, " you 've just asked for a charming, with a subsequent terrific, disillusionment. And don't think I couldn't do it. ' A delicate-looking little thing ' ! "

He blinked.

" Well, never mind that," she said. " We 've a job—Nazis. If you 'll come down off your superior masculine perch, I 'll descend from my womanly pedestal and we can go to work."

" You 've already knocked me off my perch," he said.

" Good ! Now I must convince you I 'm not hysterical or seeing things or dreaming things. I—I haven't disgraced my Corps. What I told you was true. I think Jensen cut the lifeboat tackle to prevent the crew from making a break. He and his Nazis from the submarine might have wanted to hold them prisoners."

Silent, he probed her intently with his brown eyes.

" You must convince the captain," she said. " When the corvette handles this I 'll go delicate again."

" I 'm listening," he said. Most businesslike.

" The *Silver Prince* was defenceless—out of convoy," she said. " She hadn't any big gun and gun-crew, like most merchant ships."

He raised his eyebrows.

" They said she 'd fly apart in a shower of rust if they 'd fired a gun. She had only little anti-aircraft guns. Couldn't the submarine have found her, winked a threat——"

" They torpedo first, mostly," he said.

" But if they needed Diesel oil—supplies ? "

He shook his head. " Not likely," he said. " Too great a risk. They 'd suspect a hidden gun."

" But if they kept away and sent a boat first ? "

" A submarine would refuel or borrow provisions from another submarine," he said. " There are plenty around here. They wireless each other."

" We aren't getting anywhere," she said.

He nodded. " That 's encouraging."

" I said——"

(*Continued on page 62*)

Somebody grabbed her by the shoulder and jammed the butt of a revolver at her stomach

MME CHIANG KAI-SHEK | COUNTESS CIANO | FRAU MAGDA GOEBBELS

The Women Behind The Men

Some are Well Known—Others Remain Hidden in the Shadow Behind Their Helpmates

By C. Patrick Thompson

IN the photographs recording history's greatest war council, she decorates one martial group with the startling incongruity of an orchid spray on a battleship deck: a resolutely feminine figure, in slinky silk robe, and slim slippers with very high heels and gay toe bows.

If one did not know her, one might guess that she momentarily occupied a front seat at the Anglo-American-Chinese conference because she chanced to be the wife of one of the Big Three, who had brought her for the trip, as Mr. Churchill took Mrs. Churchill to Ottawa. But the guess would be wrong.

Mei-ling ("Beautiful Mood") Kai-shek sat in the front row, with husband Chiang, President Roosevelt and Premier Churchill, because without her the Chinese State Chief would have been incomplete, like a man who arrives for a vital conference, and finds he has left a brain lobe behind. For this black-eyed, beautiful, dynamic woman is to Chiang Kai-shek what Eden and Bracken are to Churchill; Hull and Harry Hopkins are to Roosevelt; Molotov is to Stalin—and more. She is his private foreign minister, his public relations officer, his chief adviser, his personal negotiator, his ear and his voice. A bi-linguist of genius—who at her American college translated Chinese poetry into English, and wrote original verse in both languages—she interprets for her soldier husband English-American into Chinese, and back again.

Incidentally, when he was wooing her, seventeen years ago, he was a pagan, she a Christian. By the time they married, in Shanghai in 1927, she had not gone pagan, but he had gone over to her religion.

Mei-ling is exceptional. Yet in a sense not so exceptional. Other men, in more or less degree, and for better or worse, have their Mei-lings. A few are as well known as she is. Others remain hidden behind or in the dark flanking shadow of their men.

Sometimes an astonished world suddenly learns what an inner circle has always known; as when the Paris façade crumbled, exposing to public view those two influential, meddling, intriguing women who so largely determined the actions of their lovers, Daladier and Reynaud (Reynaud's lady had a private phone line run into his office when he was premier of France, and insisted on being consulted about everything).

They are wives and mistresses, mothers, partners, secretaries. Some dominate, some are the perfect complement of their men, some perform functions necessary for their men's efficiency and success, some endure, some fill a brief intensive role and then fade out, and some flop, although for a spell rumour, myth and legend give them an importance they never had.

COUNTESS CIANO (Edda Mussolini) comes high in the last list. This curious young woman, thin, with large scarlet mouth, and hair dyed red-gold to go with authentic green eyes, for years was reputed to sway her formidable father, and make husband Galeazzo Ciano dance to any diplomatic tune she chose to play. She was certainly received on her first visit to Berlin as her father's advance agent. The Hitlerites, Hess especially, did not devote their time and charms to her for their own personal fun.

In 1936 everybody who was anybody in café society would tell you that the Duce might proclaim the new Axis, but Edda's was the hand that swung the deal. Café society would! In fact, she had no influence with her father—nobody influenced him in policy matters. He used her for contacts and reports, as he used his son-in-law. She would have been a power if she had been able to influence any of the key men he wanted to nobble. But as a charmer and diplomatist, Edda was in the minus class. When she came to London, the British ruling and official folk did not even take her seriously. It was left to a titled gossip-columnist to show her the town.

IN the early twenties a gay, adventurous and extremely good-looking girl left her elderly husband and sought excitement in the Nazi movement. Kurt Ludecke, a bright Lothario of the movement, and one of Hitler's earliest adherents, initiated her. She got a job in the Berlin propaganda office run by the party's Berlin district leader, a club-footed dwarf named Josef Goebbels. The swarthy Nibelung spotted her in the outer office, took her into his inner office as secretary. Then he married her, and in 1933 she was officially Frau Minister Doktor Magda Goebbels—her man was Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment in Hitler's Third Reich.

It was a time and land of opportunity for the clever and lovely young wife of a powerful minister who stood close to the Chancellor and Fuehrer. For Hitler was a man without a woman; Goering, Nazi Number Two, had lost his Swedish wife and lived a (*Continued on page* 56)

MME ELENA LUPESCU | DOWAGER LADY READING | MARGUERITE LE HAND

WITH all the present stress and urge of war there must be some thought spent on plans for the world to come after. The countryside has its share of attention certainly, but what part will village life take in the general plan?

The village is a unit small enough to be included in a single estate and the local landlord has often taken pleasure in regulating the structure and life of the community at his gates. What might not have happened to Clovelly if, during the critical years, when the internal combustion engine came into its kingdom, it had not been under the ever-present eye of the lady of the manor? And for a lesser example, another masterful lady who kept the little street of Aldermaston, among the Kennet meadows, a peaceful unity of sober little houses of brick, ended one way by the village pump and the gates of the great house looking down the slope to the comfortable inn. Though in this instance the control was, perhaps, over autocratic as the villagers were denied electricity, or even gas.

There are, indeed, two villages of England which were planned and built in the eighteenth century and remain to-day complete and practically without alteration or addition. The lord of the manor of Milton Abbas in Dorset decided that the village was at too close quarters with his great new house and built a new one in a neighbouring valley.

The other village is in Cumberland, where an eighteenth-century Lord Lonsdale built what—so small is the scale of most of the units—might almost appear as a toy village, with terraces crescents and courts, all built in one simple unified design.

This Is

IT is possibly true that the greater number of the English villages which we admire for their beauty and more especially for their preservation of an individual character, retaining the essence of a locality, the life of centuries of English life, bear the impress of the watching care of the local landlord. After the war all this social structure will be in the melting-pot, but let us hope that a revivified countryside will retain its local old-world beauty in its villages.

Clovelly, with its poetic name and amazing romantic site, is perhaps the most famous of all Devon villages, but it has not much beauty of individual buildings. For that beauty we must go to the groups of cob and thatch cottages, notably in the villages of the valleys on the borders of Dartmoor, such as Dunsford. Cob, of course, is a mixture of straw and mud which, when dry, makes a wall of astonishing durability. Cottages of cob, with their pleasantly varied surface, rounded corners and deep-set windows, and cosy thatch, strike the true Devon note in many a village. Over the western border into Cornwall and the characteristic material changes to stone or granite, and the villages of which one has in mind are the closely huddled fisher communities such as Polperro or Port Isaac, or the smaller Portloe, perfectly set on the slopes of its rock-edged bay.

In Cornwall the characteristic material of which the houses are built is stone or granite and the villages are mostly the closely huddled fisher communities such as Polperro or Port Isaac, or the smaller Portloe, which is illustrated above, perfectly set on the slopes of its picturesque rock-edged bay

(Right) The remarkable single-street village of Kersey in the south of Suffolk

Finchingfield. One of the villages of the fertile corn lands of Northern Essex. It has been called "this loveliest of villages whose houses built up to the grey tower of the church at the top of the hill with a sense of composition which the greatest artist could not better"

England . . .

The Beauty Of The Rural Countryside

Written and Photographed

By Will F. Taylor

On the east of Devon, near the borders of Somerset, there are beautiful villages. The perfect group of cob cottages of Old Minehead have been swamped by the modern development, but nearby Selworthy still drowses in peace.

Dorset and Wiltshire have many villages beside the clear streams which spring from the chalk slopes, and they still have many houses of cob and thatch. In Dorset are Sydling and Cerne Abbas in adjoining valleys. In Wiltshire are strings of settlements in the valley of the Wylye and Avon, among which Stockton is a well-groomed example. Before the southern boundary ridge of the chalk district stands Abbotsbury and Corfe Castle, and the latter may be classed as the southernmost limit of the stone-built villages of the great belt of good building stone which ranges from Dorset through the Cotswolds into Lincolnshire. Going northward it is only near Bath that this local architecture begins to show the power which has created some of the finest villages in England. Castle Combe is a fine example, compact in its deep combe, and kept untouched from innovations. It is an interesting illustration of the effect of local soil to note the change in a few miles to Lacock, in a clay valley, while Biddeston, as an intermediary, has fine stone houses round a village green of lowland type.

The true Cotswold country is further north, and here the famous villages are many. Bibury was William Morris's choice. There are also the two Slaughters and the two Swells, all in the same little valley. Chipping Campden, which, showing the architecture at its noblest, is really a market town, as is, of course, the almost equally splendid Burford. Broadway has a main road through its whole length, and is the show place for good and evil, but its near neighbour Stanton is perfect peace. To see a Cotswold village at its best, go here.

As the Cotswolds slope down to the east, the stone tradition still dominates. Great Tew has charming cottage groups. The more compact and homely Wroxton groups round the village pond. The stone in this district is warmer in tone, as used in the villages of Adderbury and Bloxham, both dignified with grand churches. As the stone continues on through Northamptonshire, the fine churches continue, but domestic building is less noticeable till a fine group including Colly Weston is the real northern limit of stone belt villages.

Also near here is Rockingham, whose wide street, sided with houses almost uniform in type, curving steadily uphill to the castle, has no close parallel in English villages.

In the northern counties many kinds of local stones are used, but not with the art of the Cotswold builders, and there are not many villages to remember.

The Lake District does not depend on its villages for attraction, but Grange at the mouth of Borrowdale is unforgettable, grouped beside the river and bridge.

This, then, is a rapid survey of some of the principal types and groups of the English village. Many others come into the memory, such as Hemingford Grey, sleeping beside the Ouse, and Dorchester, busy with traffic beside the Thames, but still a street of character.

Let us hope that any new plan will retain the salt of local variety which is still to be found all over England among the villages here remembered.

Hemingford Grey is a riverside village on the Great Ouse in the beautiful stretch of that river between Huntingdon and St. Ives. The pleasant street wanders down to end on the river bank

Aldbury is compactly grouped round the village green which is complete with pond, old trees, and stocks. Behind rise the Chiltern Hills here clothed with miles of the woodlands of Ashridge

No Uplift in Lord Byron

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Richard Wagner has a fine film in him too, what with fighting his creditors and hostility to his compositions

WHILE our cinemas gradually assume their new and pre-eminent role as temples of uplift, my chief reaction will not be of anger, or resentment, at other people's godliness being directed at unconsulted Me in the back stalls. Rather shall I glance wistfully back at fascinating personalities of the past, a faithful screening of whose lives would collide with standards of moral rectitude set by our arbiter in these matters.

This arbiter is a considerate person. He agrees even to meet the public's desire that it be entertained. He admits that it will not take uplift neat, and, as a proof of his consideration, he tells us he has had writers at work on Mary Magdalene, how they haven't been able to get "sufficient entertainment" into the story, and that he will not allow the film to be made until they do.

Yet the thoroughness of the quest for an entertaining Magdalene gives the keynote to the biographical field our arbiter intends to till. Strong drama such as the public likes, richly informative entertainment, has only to be taken down from the shelves. But it would be difficult to work in the requisite brand of uplift into many of these lives, and so they are unlikely to be drawn upon.

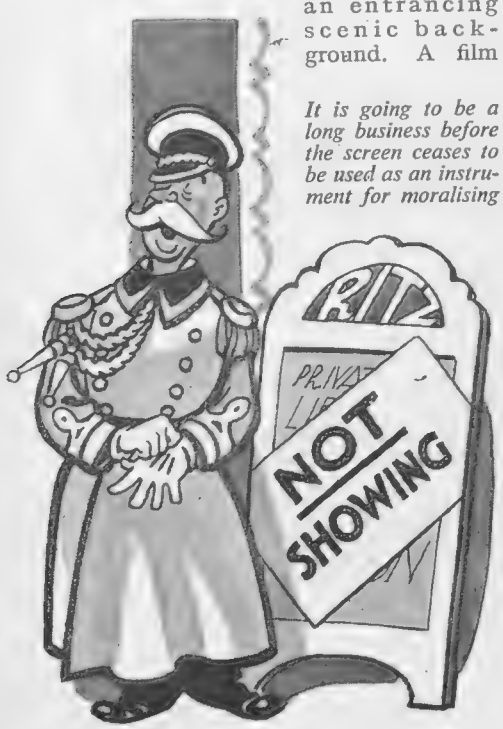
What hope, under our new dispensation, is there of watching "the beautiful and ineffectual angel" take off from London in the small hours with Mary Godwin and her half-sister? A Shelley film would yield a tiny company that lives for ever, fighting their fates against an entrancing scenic background. A film shot with rebellion, passion, beauty, tenderness, tragedy. With its hero constantly seeking to mend relations in an extravagant little coterie; never sermonising, but straining to be of practical help.

Alas! Not only would Shelley's morals need severe manicuring before they passed the uplift test. Ariel was also an atheist, this young Englishman of radiant mind that drew all who came near him under its spell. Keats, too, was the revolutionary free-thinker. And of course Byron. I count it a national deprivation when the public is deemed too frail to stand up to these poets' lives, faithfully screened. Two or three pulsating films could be fashioned from Byron—the Caro Lamb period, the Venetian escapades, Ravenna's Milord, apart from more hackneyed Missolonghi.

Sketches by Edgar Spenceley

Pulsating films could be fashioned from Byron: Notably the Caro Lamb period

But, naturally, permeating all would be the free-thinking, free-loving mood of that time, so the chances are, if we ever get a *Childe Harold*, that it will stress how even the greatest live only to suffer and repent once they outstep the strict man-made moral code.



It is going to be a long business before the screen ceases to be used as an instrument for moralising

THEN there's splendiferous Alexandre Dumas *père*, a more extraordinary character than any of his own creations. This outsize semi-creole led revolutions in between serial writing. No author-dramatist ever had such ups and downs, nor a more varied background stretching from the return of Napoleon's armies, right through hectic Paris of nineteenth-century kings, emperors and presidents. Dumas' life could reflect the many facets of that epoch, "its romanticism, its rationalism, its revolutionary optimism, its pleasure-loving scepticism, its amorous lyricism, and its cynical disillusionment" as Desmond MacCarthy well compresses.

A COSMOPOLITAN contemporary, Richard Wagner, has a rich film in him too. One could start with him as the cocky, vibrant little Saxon revolutionary, chasing his Minna round Germany what time he wasn't fighting creditors and hostility to his compositions. Poet, musician, exile, egotist, magnet for women and himself quite dependent on them. "What inspiration I find in your arms," he was writing at the end of his life to Judith Gautier, that "Warm and Beautiful One" who spurred him to finish *Parsifal*. To his own music heavy with fate, Wagner's loves could be made into arresting sequences, not least his Mathilde who inspired Isolde. And of course there would be the *ménage-à-trois* on Lucerne, when Hans von Buelow made over his wife Cosima (née Liszt) in sacrifice to genius.

Cosima, who lived until 1930, could provide another sequence: the rise of Bayreuth Festival. And, just as the episode of the swan-mad Ludwig of Bavaria could recall a rococo Europe long vanished, so Wagner's enthusiasm for Gobineau of *herrenvolk* notoriety would put us in touch with to-day. But why persevere? We shan't see the real Wagner because he was an erotic little pagan, which helped his music but is anathema to the high-powered Puritan-apers who are making such a bid to impose themselves on post-war Britain.

While on musicians, isn't it a shame that the right sort of uplift does not emanate from Franz Liszt? All his friends may have testified that here was the man nearest to Love. Yet consider what a lady, what a princess and countess-killer Liszt was, and that he should have gone on attracting women by his handsome distinction after he had become a priest, only made things worse. Yet Liszt, to the accompaniment of some of his own impassioned (*Continued on page* 68)

Where is the uplift in shooting George Sand, pulling at a black cigar and chasing Balzac round the living-room?

THEY sat on the floor in the inner room of the farmhouse with the yellow glow of the smelly lamp on their shaggy dark heads

Pot Of Gold

A Drama of the Chinese Guerrillas

By Stanley Jackson

THE official communiqué appeared almost a month after the action. It was cold and staccato, a tiny war item on the edge of the nine o'clock news bulletin. Listeners could not be blamed for switching off.

" A U.S. submarine made a hit-and-run attack on Japanese shipping in the harbour of Lan-chang. A heavy cruiser was left burning. Simultaneously there was the sound of a great explosion, but the submarine crew had no time to investigate the cause. Considering the strategic importance of Lan-chang there was little resistance from land batteries. Apparently the Japs were surprised by the suddenness of the attack. . . ."

Little resistance from enemy batteries. . . . And yet, on previous visits, the shore guns had pumped cascades of lead into anything venturing near the harbour. The submarine commander did not, however, know anything about a girl called Mei-tung, and a Chinese boy who had once dreamed of being a doctor in San Francisco, and a pot of gold that lost a man his life. No, the crew of D75 had no means of piercing the web of passion and intrigue which had been spun in a few hours over the harbour of Lan-chang.

To all appearance the American submarine had merely had " a lucky break." She had sneaked in while a few Jap Zeroes peeled out of the skies. Her Diesel engines hummed with menace. It was a dangerous assignment and none knew it better than the crew. Lan-chang was a vital link between Nagasaki and the heart of Occupied China. The submarine had eased up to periscope depth for a quick look-see, and there was the 20,000-ton liner, crammed with troops, with a cruiser and several destroyers darting from under like the fangs of a snake.

The Zeroes dived with a scream, but their bombs were missing badly. " Stand by, torpedo tubes," the skipper yelled, peering through the periscope. " Target to starboard," shouted the Sound Officer at the listening apparatus. He talked like a radio commentator at a football game. Heavy guns were winking from the turrets of the cruiser, and the destroyers shot angrily across the water. The job had to be done now or not at all. Water swished up over the hull as a depth-charge slit the sea, dangerously near. Almost at once a bomb crashed down a few yards to port, making the submarine shiver from the sudden whoosh of water.

" Fire number one," rapped out the skipper. The torpedo, greased for action, streaked for the target. The cruiser seemed to part in the middle like a sliced orange.

" Submerge," shouted the skipper. They were going down when a terrific blast crashed across the water.

The Sound Officer ripped off the headphones and whistled.

" Boy, that pretty near deafened me for life," he said, with a puzzled smile. " I guess that torpedo of ours was working overtime."

" Yeah," murmured the skipper. " But right now we've got to get down and stay down. The destroyers aren't here just for the ride." To emphasise his point an ashcan came whizzing down. The submarine rattled like a dozen castanets, but she made bottom all right and stayed there with her engines off for a most uncomfortable hour while more depth-charges boiled angrily about her at regular intervals. But she made base, and the commander clipped off a few abrupt phrases and forgot the affair. . . .

THE guerrilla band had come to Lan-chang like a pack of hungry coyotes. They had marched, fought and starved for nearly a year, scratching food from the hilly, brown, broken country. By military standards they did not present an impressive spectacle. Some were armed with fowling-pieces or rifles loosely repaired with bits of wire; others had no weapons except long knives. All were dirty, with months of dust settled over their thin, wiry bodies in layers. The lucky ones still had their coolie slippers, but the majority walked on filthy rags through which the blood showed in dark patches. They could easily have been mistaken for bandits, but there was a peasant-bred toughness about them.

They spoke little and then in grunts. Only a sharp ear could have picked out dialects and, here and there, the measured accents of an educated man. Dirt and danger had clamped them into anonymity, yet among them was all of Old China and the

LI-HAO jerked from his chair as Yang reached for his throat, and Yang was still smiling as he squeezed the life out of him

world of Chiang Kai-shek. A landowner from Manchuria; several peasants who had seen their villages looted and their sisters shamed by the Japs; a cadet from the military academy of Whangpo; an engineer from the Yunnan mines; men who spoke three foreign languages, and men who had never seen a taxi. All united by a cold, hard determination to kill Japs.

It had been a heavy price to pay, though. Wind and sun had scorched the youth out of their faces. Each had a skin like cracked leather, and their tight mouths were the mouths of old men. Outside Lan-chang they had halted to take stock and rest. A tall, thin, stooping man was bathing a comrade's leg. He knew it was gangrened but prayed that somehow they might pick up drugs in the town and perhaps be able to amputate in time. The man's mouth tightened with a wry smile as the deft, lean fingers pressed down the pad of cloth which had just been washed in the stream. He grunted his thanks, but Chen shrugged and walked away with a spraddle-legged steadiness which had only come to him since his return to China.

He peeled the rags off his feet with a steady movement, and flicked his toes through the muddy water. He lay on his back for a while staring up into the blue sky. In his mind's eye he saw all China: the millions of miles of dun-brown earth with little villages dotted among clumps of trees; the earthen farmhouses with a pig-pen in the backyard and hens cackling, and the old brown wrinkled faces of peasants; and Shanghai, smart, cosmopolitan, vivid, with girls whose feet had never been bound, and young men who wisecracked with American voices or talked wittily of Montparnasse in the old days. Well, it was all over now. Arrogant Japs strutted in the bars of Shanghai, and the elegant westernized Chinese youths were fighting with Chiang's armies. A million square miles of China's good earth was having the life throttled out of it to feed the invader. Girls killed or mutilated themselves rather than serve the Japs, and the proudest of China's sons and daughters had to bow and step into the road at sight of a scowling Jap soldier.

Only a few Chinese could walk the highways after dusk, the supporters of Wang-Ching-Wei and the puppet Nanking Government. They wore broad white armbands with writing in Japanese characters, good cloth trousers with white tape binding the ankles, and shoes of real leather. In Shanghai and Nanking and Ningpo there were many such traitors, or "han-gien," but in the interior few white armbands could be seen. Guerrillas had a strange liking for ambushing these traitors or setting fire to their houses and roasting them in their beds.

Chen wiped his feet slowly and wiggled his toes. Somehow, his mind shot across the world to Coney Island, with thousands of laughing, milling New Yorkers having a good time on the sands. He had taken a day off from the hospital where he was an internee. It was good to feel the sun on his back and listen to the gabble of gay voices. For a while he had forgotten the hospital and even the agony of China. And then it came back with a rush as he took a paper from the newsboy on the sands. Chungking mercilessly bombed by sixty Jap planes. Terror raid claims many casualties. He felt a film pass across his eyes, and the laughter of American holiday-makers drummed tonelessly in his ears. Chungking, with its toy ack-ack guns yapping helplessly as the bombers dived and machine guns seared the crowded streets with hot lead.

Suddenly he was angry in a cold, killing way that was new to him. He must go back to China at once. The Dean would try to persuade him to graduate, but it would be no use. There was no sense in going back with a diploma to a China that had bled while he was sunbathing on Coney Island. He hunched his shoulders and went back for his clothes.

He was in Shanghai when the Japs ran down the streets with tommy-guns blazing. And now he was trailing his swollen feet through a muddy stream and making a half-hearted effort to delouse himself.

THEY sat on the floor in the inner room of the farmhouse with the yellow glow of the smelly lamp on their shaggy, dark heads. Chen was tracing strange shapes with his finger on the unswept floor, but nobody took note of him; they were busily listening to a little square-shouldered man who fidgeted restlessly as he spoke. Chen was also listening, but part of his mind was on the erratic design that his index finger had poked in the thick dust. It amused him to try to draw sections of the body from memory. One so easily forgets anatomy without practice, he knew.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

" You have done well, friends," said the squat man, " but in Lan-chang you must not stay." He looked at the window uneasily. " They are everywhere and ready to kill rather than question." He shuddered. " It is but seven days since twenty-six of our comrades were hanged after their tongues had been removed."

There was a growl from the engineer. His glance dropped towards the knife in his belt.

" We shall avenge," he said gruffly, and there was a rumble of approval from the others.

Their host glowered at each in turn. " Men like you have been here before. You will kill a few Japs and the others will slay thousands of our people and burn down our houses. I beg of you," he added hoarsely, " leave Lan-chang. I know a patriot who will give you food, money, perhaps weapons. Go to Lishui, go anywhere, but leave us. You raiders have brought only misery to my people." He turned for support to Chen, who was still sketching the alimentary canal in the dust and had so far taken no part in the discussion. But the medical student looked steadily ahead. There was a short silence while each man turned over in his mind what the farmer had said. Food, money, rifles to carry on the fight elsewhere. It was tempting, indeed.

Then Chen spoke. " We thank you, friend," he said, in his curious sing-song. " Yet we are troubled in our minds by what you have told us. Why are you in fear that we will do you harm? " He waved a hand at the brooding faces of his comrades. " We have suffered much for China."

The farmer bowed low and his tight lips let a look of shame through. His eyes still fluttered nervously to the window, but his body had stiffened somehow.

" You must forgive an old man," he mumbled listlessly. " More than once brave young fighters like you have come to Lan-chang to deliver us. They have spoken like poets and our ears have been charged with their music." He gulped hard and looked fierce again. " But their promises have become ashes and our people have been murdered for giving them bread."

Chen fidgeted impatiently. " Why have our comrades failed? " he demanded sharply. " Were their plans foolish, or did they lack help? "

" I know not, master, but the Japs are a cunning, cruel people and death came forward to meet the patriots."

Yang, the engineer, was toying with his long knife. " There are many traitors," he said slowly.

" But there are also men of heart," Chen snapped. " We have friends here in Lan-chang." He turned abruptly on the farmer. " You will conduct me to the patriot who will provide us with food for our long journey to Lishui."

Yang gave a grunt of disgust, but said nothing. The others sat like statues on the floor, their shaggy heads making grotesque haloes in the lamp glow.

The farmer slapped the table. " You have done well, master," he said in an eager, satisfied way. " You must not regard me as a frightened cow because I am old. You shall stay with me for as

(*Continued on page* 58)

CHEN was looking at Mei-tung with sad reflective eyes. She jumped down from the lorry and took the vase from him

The beautiful clipper ship "Falcon," the most famous of all the sailing ships engaged in the opium trade

Contraband

Ships and Men in the Opium Trade—A Story of Long Ago

By C. Fox Smith

CANTON RIVER a hundred years ago—the flags of many nations fluttering in front of the various European "hongs" or factories: Swedish, Dutch, American, French, Spanish and Danish, and—last but far from least—that of the Honourable East India Company—the waterfront a bustle of assorted races and colours—the river crowded with craft of every sort and size, from the lordly Indiaman with her lofty spars, swelling sides, and rows of painted ports, to the swarms of sampans in which Canton's huge and, literally, floating population lives and moves and has its being from the cradle to the grave.

A sun-tanned young sailorman, immaculate in white ducks, his peaked cap cocked jauntily on one side, pauses in his stroll along the waterfront to gaze at a ship whose beauty of line and general look of smartness and cleanliness have captured his seaman's eye. Flashing brasswork, snowy planking, ropes flemish-coiled with mathematical accuracy—the rake of her slim masts, the graceful curve of her sheer—the gleaming row of eighteen-pounders which suggest possibilities in the way of adventures and perils—she is everything his roving fancy has dreamed of. So he gazes, and gazes, and cannot take his eyes off her; until:—

"Like the looks of her?" says a voice at his elbow.

He comes out of his daydream with a start, to confront a burly middle-aged man with crows'-feet at the corners of his eyes—obviously, like himself, a seafaring man.

There follows a brief exchange of remarks, and then:—

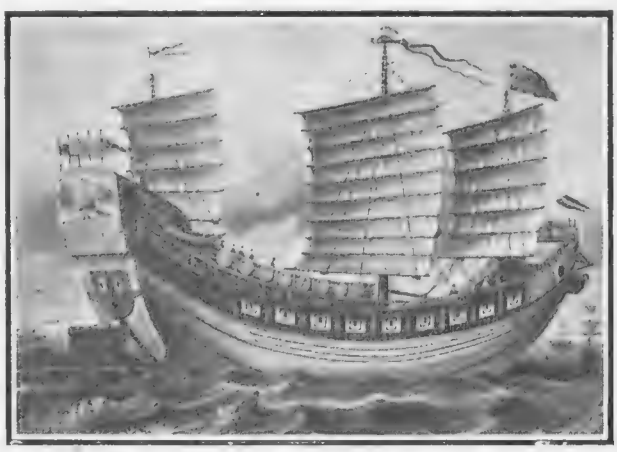
"I'm wanting a third officer my next trip," says his new acquaintance. "You seem to fancy her, so maybe you'd like to take the job?" A pause, and then he adds: "Opium trade, you know."

If any momentary scruples there may be, they are soon thrust aside. A fast and beautiful ship—pay far higher than that obtaining in the more orthodox branches of commerce—perhaps just that touch of lawlessness which has its special appeal for adventurous youth—could there be much doubt of the answer?

THE fast little brigs and schooners which carried the poppy plague in their holds were worthy of a better freight. They were, in point of fact, the direct forerunners of the tea clippers, those beautiful little craft whose exploits have assumed an almost legendary character wherever sailormen congregate, and which are still spoken of after the last deepwater sailing ship has vanished from the seas. They came from many famous shipyards, from Blackwall and Cowes and Liverpool, from Baltimore and Boston and Rhode Island, from Howrah and Moulmein. English oak, American mahogany and elm, and Burmah teak went to their building. Not all were specially designed for the trade, a good many starting life as yachts. Among these was Rajah Brooke's *Royalist*, and—most famous of all—the beautiful *Falcon*, built by List of Wootton Creek for the Earl of Yarborough, which flew his flag for years as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in that capacity was present at the Battle of Navarino. The *Falcon*, which incidentally was the only full-rigger in the opium fleet, came out under steam to the East in 1838. She was bought by Jardine Matheson & Co., her temporary engines removed, and for many years she served as their flagship.

The *Falcon* seems to have been one of those ships, like the *Cutty Sark* and the *Thermopylæ*, and the *Mauretania* in more recent times, which men loved as a man loves a woman. "She could do everything but speak," her crew were accustomed to say of her.

Others, again, were ex-slavers, like the *Syed Khan*, the *Nymph*, and the ill-starred brig *Ann*. The last named would seem to have been pursued by the shadow of her dark past, for she was wrecked on the savage Formosan coast, and her captain and crew, after enduring drawn-out misery and torment, (*Continued on page* 66)



The Chinese junk "Keying." The first junk that ever rounded the Cape of Good Hope or appeared in British waters, and made the long sea journey from Canton in China to Gravesend in 477 days

The two prints are reproduced by kind permission of The Parker Gallery, 2, Albemarle Street, W.1

Old Tales Re-told

Attila — King of the Huns

Written and Illustrated
By
F. Matania, R.I.

ON a fateful morning many centuries ago there was brought to the court of Attila, King of the Huns, a poor herdsman carrying an ancient, rust-covered sword.

He fell on his knees in terror and confusion before the fearsome gaze of the ruler of his country. As soon as he had recovered his composure, he began to tell his strange story.

He had observed, he said, that one of his heifers was bleeding from a cut on her foot, and, guided by some supernatural force, had followed her blood-stained track to the spot where it began. And there he had discovered this beautiful sword, which he knew could only have belonged to one of the statues of Mars, the war god. It seemed to him to be the will of Heaven that he should lay this sacred symbol at the feet of the one man able to conquer the world—Attila himself.

In the fifth century A.D. belief in the supernatural was a stronger force than reason or logic, especially when it could be used to corroborate some personal motive of ambition or pride.

Attila accepted the gift with enthusiasm, and rewarded the herdsman with a substantial present. He was convinced that he had been chosen by destiny to achieve the age-old goal of conquering the Roman Empire and subsequently the entire world.

JOINTLY with his brother, Bleda, he had inherited from his uncle Kirgilas the sovereignty over all the

The poor herdsman fell on his knees with terror and confusion before the fearsome gaze of Attila, the ruler of his country

Hunnish tribes of Central Europe. These tribes were already numerous, and their armies were constantly increasing in strength, for barbarians of every race were converging from Germany, Finland, the Urals and Scythia towards the Rhine and the Danube, which marked the northern boundary of the Roman Empire.

For years this enormous predatory band had been increasing its possessions, until now they extended from the Adriatic to the Baltic, and right up to the forests of Scandinavia. In fact, the whole of Central and Northern Europe was under the dominion of Attila and his brother. This partnership was rather resented, however, by the former. After all, it was *he* who had been honoured by the gift of the Sword of Mars, and so why should he share the privilege with his brother? He did not believe in partnerships anyway, and often commented on the folly of the Romans in dividing their empire into two halves for the benefit of their joint emperors. He therefore decided to liquidate the partnership, which had already irked him far too long. He gave orders that Bleda should be killed.

Now, since the story of humanity began with a fratricide, there is up to this point nothing remarkable in Attila's career. What *is* remarkable was the power that he had to mesmerise by fear both individuals and crowds. Every man automatically lowered his eyes before the cruel and piercing gaze of the Hun leader.

All the minor kings and chiefs who had sworn allegiance to Bleda came over to him at once, accepting without protest the *fait accompli*. For the first time, all the German and Balkan tribes were united in loyalty and purpose.

Priscus, who was sent to Attila as ambassador from the Emperor Theodosius, has left to posterity a very clear picture of the man of destiny. He was of rather short stature, thick-set, with a very broad chest and a large head set on a neck as strong as a tree-trunk. He had very small quick eyes, a short flat nose, a sparse beard and hair that was prematurely grey. He was deeply tanned by his outdoor life. He had a habit of striding up and down whilst talking, and he was an instinctive bully, so that every word uttered in the loud gutteral voice so conspicuously preserved by his race sounded like a menacing threat. He was constantly preparing for war and amassing weapons. Food for his soldiers he did not trouble about. They were supposed to live on the resources of the conquered territories, and were given free rein to use any means, however foul or brutal, to obtain what they needed.

At Constantinople the Emperor Theodosius, who knew that Attila was looking for some pretext to attack, maintained a conciliatory attitude towards him. But Attila was not to be balked for long. He alleged that the Roman Bishop Margus had broken into the sepulchre of the Hun kings and stolen the treasure buried there.

Without even waiting for the reply to this accusation, the barbarians fell on one of the Roman towns, killed every man, stole everything of value, and carried away all the women and children, leaving behind only the walls of the ruined houses.

To the protest which came from the Court of Constantinople he gave this answer: "Give us your bishop, or

Attila's army for the invasion of the Roman Empire crossed the Rhine at Strasbourg. The soldiers were accompanied by their wives and families and slaves, on foot, on horseback, in carts and wagons of every description, together with their total possessions

else the lives of all of you are at stake."

Theodosius knew only too well that it would be useless to sacrifice the innocent life of his bishop, for Attila would only have found some other pretext. He therefore tried to gain time by equivocating. It was in vain. Without further delay the wild horde of invaders swept down on Pannonia (Czechoslovakia). Sirmium, the capital, was destroyed, and other towns ravaged. There was not even enough of the population left to bury the dead. City after city was laid in ruins, as if they had been in the path of a hurricane.

The Huns reached Thessaly, in Greece, leaving behind them an endless trail of death and desolation. Seventy cities had been levelled to the ground, and the Roman armies had been scattered and defeated. This state of affairs only came to an end when the Emperor Theodosius asked for a truce, and paid a bitter price for it.

Attila and his chieftains did not even dismount from their horses when they parleyed with the Roman representatives on the plain of Marsia.

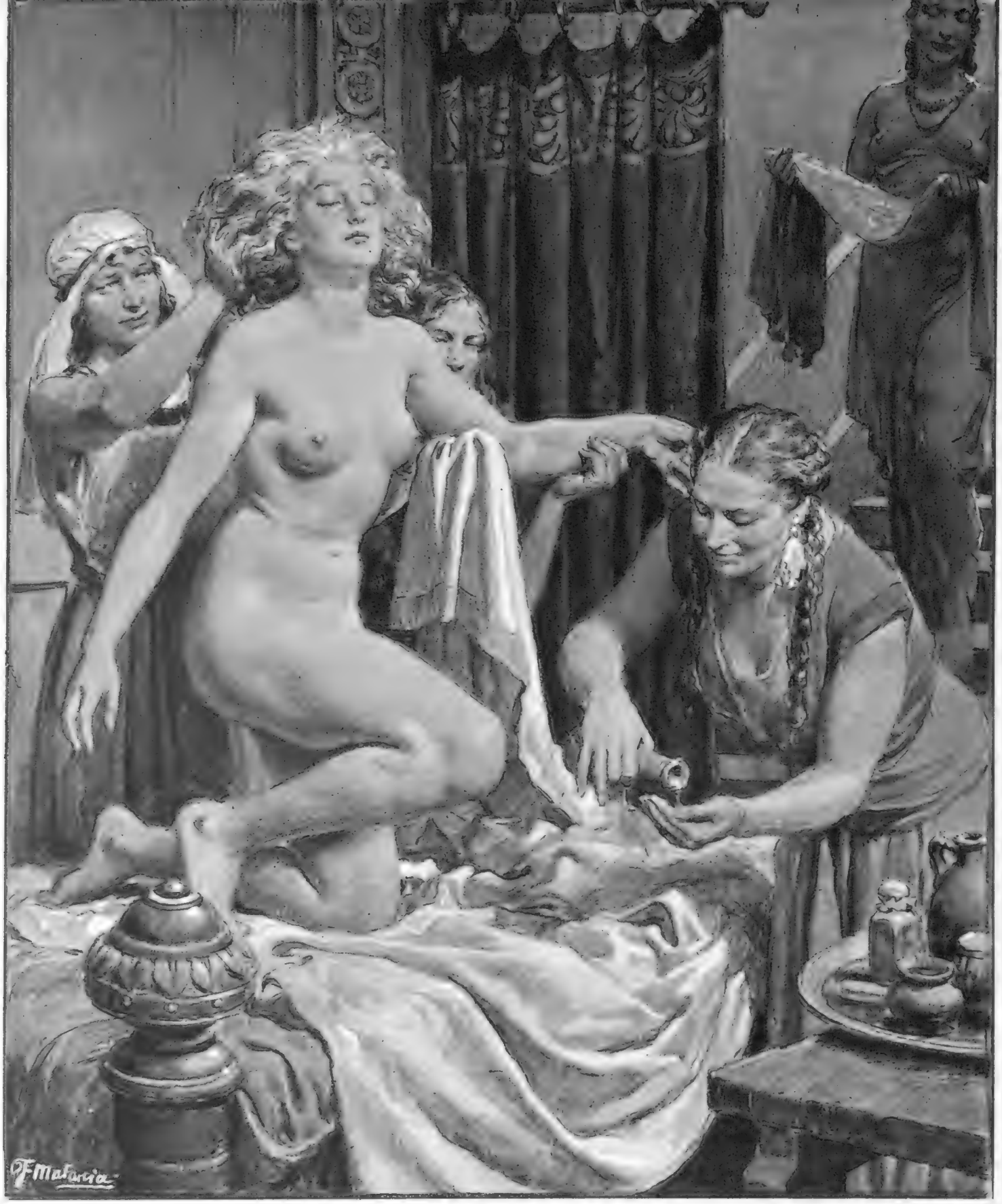
They agreed to withdraw from Roman territory, but demanded a free market on the banks of the Danube, a yearly tribute of 700 pounds weight of gold, a fine of eight pieces of gold for any Roman slave who might have escaped the hands of the Hun, compulsory enmity with any of the countries who offended Attila, and, finally, the handing over of any Hun fugitives on Roman soil. These refugees had been very kindly treated by the Romans, and as soon as they were surrendered to him Attila had them immediately crucified while they were still on Roman territory. Episodes of this kind explain the so-called "code of war" which still imbues German mentality to this day.

After the establishment of this flimsy peace, two events occurred to disturb it. One was the sudden death of the Emperor Theodosius by a fall from his horse, and the other was a mysterious letter addressed to Attila by a certain princess —a letter which proved the first spark of the conflagration that ravaged half the Roman Empire.

Theodosius was the sort of man who would have made a good monk, but was the last person on earth to be at the head of an empire. He was succeeded by Marcianus, a man of very different calibre, who, when the time came, proved to have great qualities of leadership and a strong sense of responsibility.

For the origin of the princess's letter we must go back a few years. As we have mentioned before, the Roman Empire was divided into two, the western half and the eastern half. At the head of the first stood Valentinian, with his capital at Ravenna, where he had built an impregnable fortress to protect him from the barbarians. At the head of the second half was Theodosius, whose capital was Constantinople.

About ten years before the events related, in the year A.D. 434, the family of the Emperor Valentinian was composed



The hour came when Ildico, the bride, must retire to be bathed and prepared for her nuptials

of his mother and a young sister, only seventeen years old, called Giusta Grata Onoria, whose vitality was equalled only by her beauty. Amongst her various attendants there was a procurator, a kind of private secretary, by name Eugenicus. This young man was quite unable to resist the charms of the princess, with whom he was in daily contact. He was in a most difficult position, being too handsome to pass unnoticed, and yet in rank no more than a paid servant. But Nature has very little regard for the man-made obstacles of social caste and prejudices, and in this case she overruled them completely. The young couple were blind to the obligations of their respective positions, though they tried to hide their feelings by acting a constant comedy for their own amusement. The time came, however, when it was impossible to hide any longer the embarrassing consequences of their folly. The court was shocked to its foundations, and Valentinian decided to send his sister to his co-Emperor Theodosius, whose wife would doubtless find some way of handling the situation better than he could. The unwise princess fades out of our chronicle at this point for a period of ten years. When she reappears, it is in the shape of a veritable bombshell. She sent a letter to Attila offering to marry him, pointing out that by wedlock she would bring him part of the Roman Empire. As was to be expected, Attila accepted the proposal with alacrity.

He had already a large harem of beautiful wives, amongst whom was his favourite, Reccam, who, with her refinement and pretty manners, constituted a remarkable contrast to her lord.

But these ties were negligible in importance. He would marry the imperial princess and acquire with her the whole of the (*Continued on p.* 51)

Paricutín, Mexico, the earth's latest volcano. This remarkable picture of the volcano was taken from the north from a distance of about one and a half miles. Dense volumes of smoke pour upwards to a height of 3,000 feet

Paricutín

Birth Of A New Volcano

By Frank W. Lane

ONE afternoon a few months agò Dionisio Pulido, an Indian peasant in Mexico, was slowly ploughing his field. He was a bit worried. His field had behaved in a very unusual manner that day.

Early in the morning it had trembled as though a giant hand deep in the bowels of the earth had shaken it. Later in the day, as Pulido continued to plough, he noticed that the upturned soil felt hot against the soles of his bare feet. Little did he realise that these were the preliminary signs of one of the greatest natural spectacles which the whole of the American continent has witnessed within the recorded history of man.

And here, I think, the story should be taken up by Pulido himself. This, in a translation, is his description of what he saw:—

"It was Saturday afternoon, and the shadows were lengthening; I had just unyoked the oxen from the plough with which I had been turning over the soil of my little plot, and was about to start homewards, when from between the furrows I saw a snake-like column of white smoke arise; then another, and yet another, and then many more. Cracks began to appear in the soil, and from below came a horrid noise—like the uncorking of a huge bottle. I left everything and fled. Having gone some distance, I looked back and saw a huge column of black smoke roll upwards."

Pulido went to fetch his wife. While he was urging her to hurry away there was a violent earthquake (it was recorded on the seismographs in New York over 2,000 miles away), and the Pulidos' little home crashed about their ears. When they picked themselves up and looked away to their field it was a belching inferno of gas and fire. Large rocks and tons of sand were being flung hundreds of feet into the air.

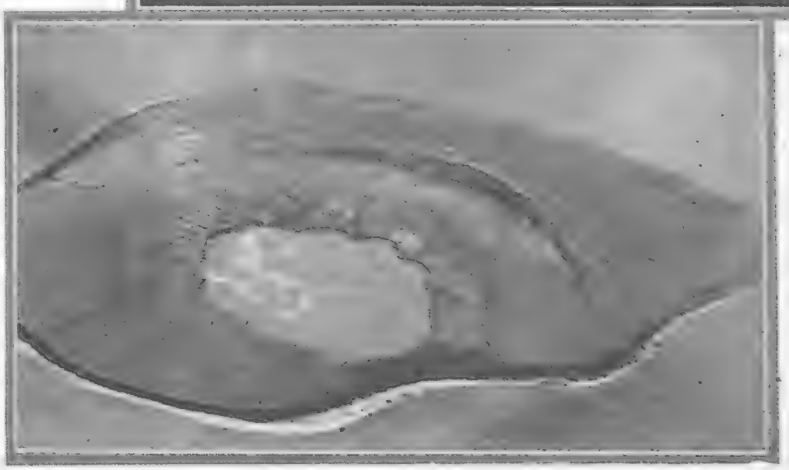
Pulido and his wife stumbled away from their shattered farmstead and made for the nearby village of Parícuti. When they reached it an amazing sight met their eyes. Parícuti looked as though it had been under heavy artillery bombardment. Peasants were streaming out into the surrounding countryside, anywhere away from the "fire monster" which had suddenly reared its head near their home.

The roads around Parícuti looked like the highways of Flanders when the Nazi panzers and dive-bombers launched their blitzkrieg. Mexican peasants, with personal belongings piled on carts, were fleeing from Parícuti for their lives.

When night came darkness did not fall. Shining through the thick pall of smoke and sulphur fumes the lava from the molten heart of the new-born volcano illumined the whole countryside for miles around. Meanwhile, the ground near the volcano continued to heave and shake to the accompaniment of thunderous roars "like hundreds of cannon." Two hundred miles away, in Mexico City, black ashes rained down on the streets and rooftops.

All this happened months ago, yet Paricutín—as the new volcano has been (*Continued on page* 56)

Another view of Paricutín showing the cone from the west side



An aerial view showing the fearsome crater on the island of Krakatoa, lying in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. It has been the scene, at periodic intervals, of some of the most catastrophic volcanic disturbances

Prussian Portrait

There's Always One Mistake Which Even a Super Spy Makes

By John Lodwick

HE even caused a very frightened and remonstrative German and his wife to be installed in a Midland town for no other reason than that they should pass as his parents

WHEN Hans Nonn left Dresden University and expressed his desire to serve in the Espionage Service of the Ausland Bureau, the Director of the German School of Industrial Sabotage, near Potsdam, expressed grave doubts concerning his suitability to the young man's father, General Oberst Walther Nonn.

"It is not merely that the lad has a club-foot," he said. "He seems frail. Quite frankly, I doubt his ability to stand up to the terrific nervous and mental strain to which our agents are exposed in the field."

"A Nonn is never frail," retorted the general-oberst stiffly, and with some reason, for his ancestors had commanded troops on every field of battle from Leipzig and Sadowa to Tannenberg. "The lad may be a cripple, and it is precisely for this reason, which prevents him serving on the Russian Front, that he is anxious to assist his country in another way. He is a fluent English speaker, has lived in that country for a number of years, and is possessed of a ready intelligence. He will serve you well."

And so, indeed, it proved. Young Hans took the elementary technique of sabotage and subversion in his stride. Explosive formulæ, the details of complicated incendiary initiators, codes, the question of security and "cover stores"—all these came to him easily. He passed out of the School of Sabotage with unusual honours, and seemed destined for a brilliant career.

Nevertheless, the director, while impressed by the young man's undoubted intelligence and application, retained certain doubts as to his ultimate usefulness.

"Nonn," he said, "you may perhaps not appreciate what I am going to say, but I feel that you are destined for political work. The spreading of a defeatist spirit on the enemy's home front is, after all, one of our main tasks and with your brains I think that you could go far in that field. You can, of course, become a wireless operator if you wish," he added hastily, seeing the young man scowl.

"I will become neither," replied Hans Nonn firmly. "Since my infirmity prevents me from serving the Fatherland on the battlefield, Herr Direktor, I will at least serve it in a militant capacity elsewhere. My task is to destroy."

"Very well," said the director. He sighed. He had seen many agents go, but few return. He was a fatalist.

Not very long afterwards, however, the director had cause to regret that sigh. Hans Nonn dropped by parachute on Salisbury Plain on October 20, 1942, with instructions to proceed to a South Coast town and there reorganise the tattered fabric of German agents in the area.

So efficiently and so ruthlessly did he perform this work, transforming a band of discouraged and frightened men into a truly efficient organisation, that his name began to be mentioned with respect and even some awe in Berlin.

HANS'S methods were simple. They were also effective because, while he never lost sight of the necessity of outwitting the vigilant British Security Services, he realised simultaneously that this was not an end in itself and that he was in this country to work.

With characteristic single-mindedness his method was to concentrate upon one field at a time, and that not always an obvious one. The tank, for example, is the most important instrument in modern mechanical warfare, but the tank is closely guarded and hard to get at, whereas just as much damage and confusion can be caused by systematic sabotage of the humble infantry grenade.

Hans Nonn devoted all his attention to grenades for several months, and he was amply repaid. He lost men, of course, but then he had expected to do so and had taken his precautions. His cellular system was so well arranged, that, no matter how important the human link who broke down under cross-examination, the fabric remained intact. Hans Nonn, himself, though he participated actively in the work, was never caught. He was too wily. Had he not taken a degree in philosophy at Dresden University?

"Sabotage," he would say sometimes in his rare moments of relaxation, "sabotage is an art. It is given to few men to serve their country as we are serving it. Properly organised, we are worth five divisions to the Fatherland—without method we are but tragic comedians. We must work and we must be vigilant. The man who fears the hangman's noose is beneath contempt, for that noose is the German martyr's halo."

Hans was, of course, methodical! The question of disguise he had always considered distastefully melodramatic, but he was not above the occasional use of

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

collodion to form the fleeting scar or to affix the transitory moustache. In the main, however, he relied upon a constant change of documents for safety. He possessed a formidable array of spurious identity cards, each with its attendant "cover" story. Office of Works and War Office permits he forged, stole, or procured. He was safe.

Hans was doubly safe because he avoided those personal contacts to which agents in the loneliness of an alien country are ever susceptible. He talked to nobody save his associates and his various landladies. Since he was described on most of his identity documents as a student, he *became* a student. He attended night classes and was ever to be seen with some technical and uninteresting booklet. He even caused a very frightened and remonstrative German and his wife to be installed in a Midland town for no other reason than that they should pass as his parents.

Above all, Hans avoided women. "If you live with a woman, if you even go with her for an hour," he used to tell his associates, "you will eventually forget something . . . I don't necessarily mean that you will leave something about, but that something will slip your mind."

His associates, who found in the serious, stooping boy's ugliness their only possible ground for despising him, put down his remarks as being due to jealousy of their own conquests. They ignored him and were, in consequence, often caught.

As a matter of fact, this question of feminine society was one which agitated Hans perhaps more than any other. Intellectually mature, emotionally he was still in the stage of erotic visions, furtive glances into unwholesome books and the shrubberies of public parks. Often, and with a strange wistfulness, although he realised his stupidity, he would follow courting couples down the country lanes outside the town in which he lived. He wished that he had a girl of his own. The Fatherland was not all-satisfying.

HIS work upon grenades satisfactorily concluded, Hans decided to devote himself to some newer and wider field. The Allied invasion of the Continent becoming progressively more certain, he determined to strike at its root. Landing barges, invasion craft of all kinds were being manufactured in the shipyards of Britain. To destroy as many of them as possible could not but cripple the invasion attempt.

For three months Hans devoted all his talent to this work. He lost more men as vigilance increased, but in the main he was successful. In March of last year—1943—he attempted his biggest single blow. Walking into a southern dockyard during the lunch hour with a small suitcase and a forged but unimpeachable Admiralty pass, he left ten bottles of highly inflammable petrol and kerosene "fifty-fifty" mixture in a shed turning out thirty tank landing craft a week. A time-delay mechanism was attached to the incendiary packet. It was a short time delay for the lunch hour was now nearly over and Hans could not risk the discovery of the packet before it began its destined work. The explosion was due to take place shortly after Hans left the yard and, in fact, it occurred as he was boarding a tram outside the gates.

Hans bought his ticket calmly and hid his face behind an illustrated paper.

Hans was no fool though. He realised that here he was up against something bigger, more dangerous than any job which he had previously attempted. Normally, he would have gone to the railway station, bought a ticket, and slipped away into oblivion, but the fire was, in this case, too big, too mysterious, and too sudden. The railway station would be watched. A check would be made upon all individuals who had entered the dockyard during the previous hour, and it was only a question of time before his own credentials would become suspect, and his description circulated.

Hans was unflurried. He had made his preparations for just this eventuality in advance. Leaving the tram in the crowded main street of the city, he entered a fashionable café and went straight to the gentlemen's toilet. Here for the expenditure of a penny, he was able to lock himself in and, assured of privacy, at once began to make certain changes in his appearance.

"HAVE you your identity cards, please?" he asked. "Why, certainly," said Hans, producing his with a flourish while the girl still fumbled in her handbag

He produced a bottle of cheap brilliantine from his pocket and carefully smarmed and parted his normally unruly hair. With the aid of collodion he first adorned himself with a discreet moustache, then produced an unmistakable and striking scar upon his left cheek. He darkened his eyebrows with a burnt matchstick. He placed a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

These adjustments at an end, he surveyed himself with quiet satisfaction in a small pocket mirror. The change in his appearance was really astounding.

Had he forgotten anything? No, it seemed not. His suit, shirt, and tie, were commonplace, not the kind which dockyard policemen would remember. As for his club-foot, his unusually long trousers concealed the deformity perfectly and he had no fears upon that score.

Calmly, Hans tore up his forged Admiralty pass and identity card. He pulled the plug upon them. Equally calmly, he took out a reserve card and, without giving it a glance, placed it in his outside pocket, ready for questioning. He was now a theological student. Several people could prove it.

In the restaurant, Hans ordered fish and chips. He was fond of these strange English dishes. At the table next to his own a girl was sitting alone. He glanced at her covertly from behind his menu card. She was a pretty girl, and she seemed well aware of his interest. Once, he could have sworn she smiled at him. Hans's heart beat more wildly than it had ever done in even the gravest moments of professional danger. His hands fingered the reserve identity card in his pocket. He was about to have a look at it and then he saw the girl's eyes upon him and realised that this might seem odd. Instead, his spirits leapt with elation: she was interested in him, there could be no doubt of it. Well, why shouldn't he have some fun too? Didn't he deserve it—after *that*?

He got up and approached the girl's table courteously.

"Do you mind if I sit down here?" he said politely. "I'm all alone and I couldn't help seeing that you were too."

There was something so naïve, so pathetic in his tone that the girl forgot to be shocked, and laughed.

"Well, you are a one," she said. "I suppose you'll be inviting me to the cinema next?" (*Continued on page 52*)

Wrens are now taking over all kinds of duties previously only done by men. (Left) Servicing torpedoes for submarines. (Below) Mechanics doing a complete overhaul of a Coastal Force craft auxiliary engine

Women's Achievements in the Three Services

By Wilma Buckley

THAT the women and girls of the three services—WRNS, ATS and WAAF—are complementing and replacing men is axiomatic and self-evident.

What is not generally realised is the fact that, in each of these services, women have now been trained to undertake certain tasks for which they had not ever been seriously considered before—thereby releasing key men for active duties—and are undertaking them with pronounced success.

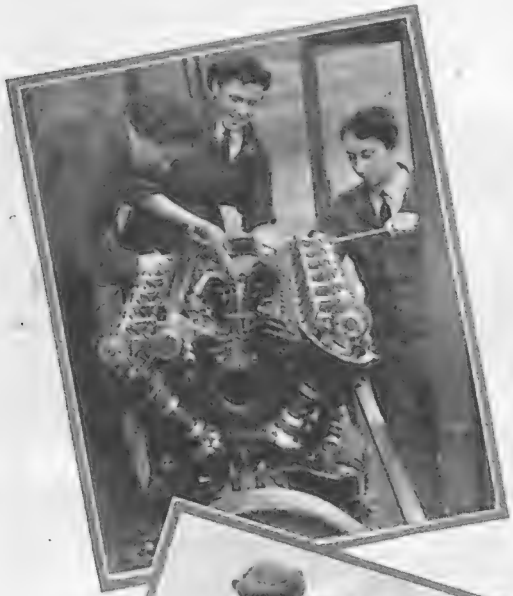
Quite obviously, there is a great deal of work of this nature that cannot be described until that heart-warming phrase, "after the war," comes into effect; many and interesting are the stories concerning the role of women in operational jobs that will then be publishable.

In the meantime, we may consider (and be duly astonished at!) some of the important duties previously allocated to men, and to men only, now being successfully carried out by women.

Starting, very properly, with the senior service as represented by the WRNS, it is only fitting to recognise the solid fact that two-thirds of the officers in this service are actually replacing naval officers. Their work, involved and responsible as it must seem to the laywoman, lies in convoy and plotting rooms and naval control service officers, among other shore posts; they also operate as torpedo assessors and gunnery school assistants. One of the most out-of-the-way replacements of a man by a woman is the position attained by a WRNS officer: that of personnel selection officer at a naval training establishment, giving selective tests to naval men in order to decide upon their suitability as trainees for special courses.

Turning from the work done by officers to the Wrens themselves, a number of these are now working as torpedomen, releasing men from this highly specialised job at naval bases. Their training was undertaken, at first, on a limited scale and rather as an experiment, since women are not usually associated with skilled mechanical work of this order. So successful was this preliminary try-out that Wren torpedomen have since been trained in increasing numbers and are much in demand in naval ports. They are responsible for gun circuits, searchlights, torpedoes, depth.

(*Continued on page* 54)



Waafs are now training as flight mechanics. Maintenance work on the engine of a plane. (Top) Checking valve timing

The ATS are also doing work previously done by men. (Below) Directing and working a searchlight on an anti-aircraft station

An officer of the ATS taking a refresher course on a range-finder

The Dinghy

In the Teamwork of His Crew, in the Sharing of Fears and Hopes and Responsibilities, Adrian Found His Soul

By Hugh Boulton

THE strident cry of a seagull broke the uncanny stillness of the long winter night, as David Ogbourne knelt in the bottom of the rubber dinghy mechanically dipping the baler and emptying it over the side. The clouds had settled down almost to the water and a cold fine rain stung his face and increased the furtive blackness of the night.

Changing from one hand to the other, he kept up baling for what seemed an age, then as he appeared to be keeping the water under he stopped and rested. But in a moment or so he felt the icy chill of his sweat, and shuddered as the cry rang out again and the memory of the sailors' yarn went through his mind that the spirits of dead seamen entered into the gulls and that they flew around crying out for release.

His position seemed fairly hopeless. Alone in a dinghy that made water fast, his one comfort was that he had given base a perfect fix before ditching and that the sea was calm. If he could only keep the water down and his strength up the Air-Sea Rescue launches should find him, but there were yet six hours to dawn and even then the clouds might not lift.

It was many hours since he had eaten, yet he was not conscious of hunger, but he had in his pockets the iron rations and a small personal flask of brandy which he always took with him.

He redoubled his efforts at baling, throwing the water over the side with unnecessary energy. Then suddenly he stopped and listened. There was no sound but the lapping of the water. He stooped to bale once more, then hesitated in mid-action. There it was again, a definite but gentle tap, tap, against the side of the dinghy in rhythm with the swell. Putting the baler down he crawled forward on his hands and knees across the dinghy floor, groping and feeling with his arm over the side as he edged his way round. And then he felt it on his hand, which automatically recoiled at the touch until he overcame the instinct and grasped it firmly. At first he thought it was a life-belt, then his fingers closed on a line and he drew it to and realised excitedly that it was another dinghy, apparently empty.

Pressing the rounded edge against his own dinghy he felt from the touch that it was firm and fully inflated, whereas his own was soft and gave to his hand. In a moment he made up his mind to transfer. There was not much risk to this for the sea was calm, and what matter if he did get a second ducking? A soundly inflated dinghy would seem like a bed of roses after the discomfort of his own sodden craft and there would be no need for that infernal baling.

His pyrotechnics were wet through and no use, so there was nothing else to transfer save one precious tin of water, and this he threw in first. Then with one hand on the side of his own dinghy and the right still firmly pressing the other, he heaved himself up until he was balanced on the two together. Bit by bit he edged his way over, until with a final heave with his legs he fell over the rubber gunwale into the derelict boat.

As he fell his chest hit something hard and there came a faint but audible groan. It was the sort of noise you made when slightly winded by an unexpected hit on the stomach. At first he thought he must have made it himself, then as he moved his knee he realised he had fallen flat on a body lying prone on the bottom. For a moment he lay quite still, then gingerly he groped with one hand along the sodden clothing until he felt the unmistakable touch of hair and his hand rasped against a stiff stubble of beard. Knowing then which way the body lay, he found room for himself alongside and remained in a kneeling position.

The dinghy must have gone out on the impact, thanks to the jettisoning

No further sound came, but that there was life in the man, whoever he was, was evident from that first groan. Unless indeed it had been a dying gasp that he had heard from a *coup de grâce* delivered by himself.

Taking off one glove he held it in his teeth and, lifting the head gently, he passed his bare hand over the man's face, but he could detect no breath.

Friend or foe, if there was life in the man he must do what he could to save him. Still with the glove in his mouth he felt in his pocket for the flask of brandy. Then, bestriding the shadowy figure, he managed to roll it over by the shoulders. He could see the wan white of the face now, ghostly in the dun mist, and gently he forced the flask between the lips. Then he screwed on the stopper and replaced his glove, for in that short time his hand felt raw and his fingers numb. He might need the rest of that brandy himself.

Still keeping the same position, he waited. After about five minutes he repeated the performance, though how much of the precious fluid went into the man's mouth he did not know. Again he waited, listening anxiously the while. Then, quite suddenly, though he could see nothing, he felt that the man's eyes were open and were staring at him. Not knowing what else to say, he ventured: "Are you—awake?" There was no answer, but he repeated the question again. For an appreciable time all was quiet, then, as if from between closed lips and scarcely audible, he caught the words: "Where—am—I?"

At the realisation that he was not alone he felt a curious sensation of pent-up excitement as well as a sense of relief that he was not sharing his refuge with a corpse. English too, he noticed.

"Lie still, old chap," he said softly. "I'm going to give you another nip of this brandy. Here. Got it well between your teeth?" The man gave a splutter.

Half talking to himself, he went on: "That'll do for the present. The next thing to do is to get the circulation going. I'm going to rub you down."

Gently but firmly he rubbed his chest, over his clothes, his arms and legs. Then, turning him over on one side he raised an arm. Up and down. Up and down. Then the other arm. He knew nothing of the right procedure, but congratulated himself that he was doing pretty well.

Every now and again the man gave a groan or a grunt as he pummelled and rubbed. His own circulation, at least, was improved by the process and, clothed as he was, he felt the sweat sticky on his body.

"How long have you been in this?" he ventured at last, feeling he must break the silence. The answer came very weakly: "I don't—know. About—ten days, I think."

"Good God. No more talking then. Keep absolutely still. There'll be plenty of time to tell me your story later. Your troubles are over, anyway. I gave base a perfect fix before ditching and the rescue boys will be here with the dawn, you'll see."

Then, unwinding his scarf, he made a cushion of it, gently lifting the man's head and laying it down. "That better? Now I don't know how much of that brandy went down your throat, but I should think what you need most is water. Well, here goes," he went on, talking to himself, "that's all there is between now and being picked up," and he placed the edge of the tin between the man's lips. How much of the life-saving fluid was spilled he could only guess, but he felt his throat gulping and then he spluttered again and coughed.

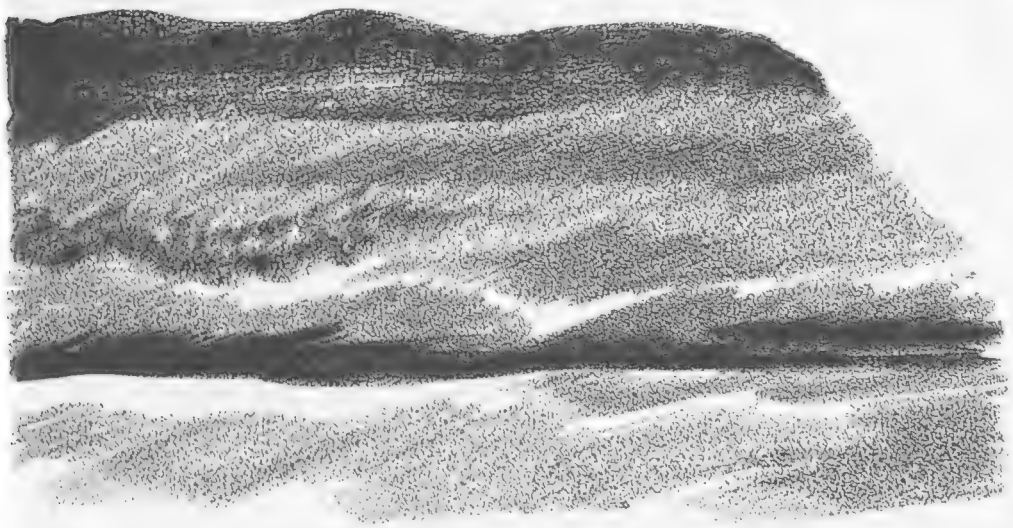
"Steady now, steady. Try again. I'll see if I can give it you slower. For the love of Mike, don't waste more than you need."

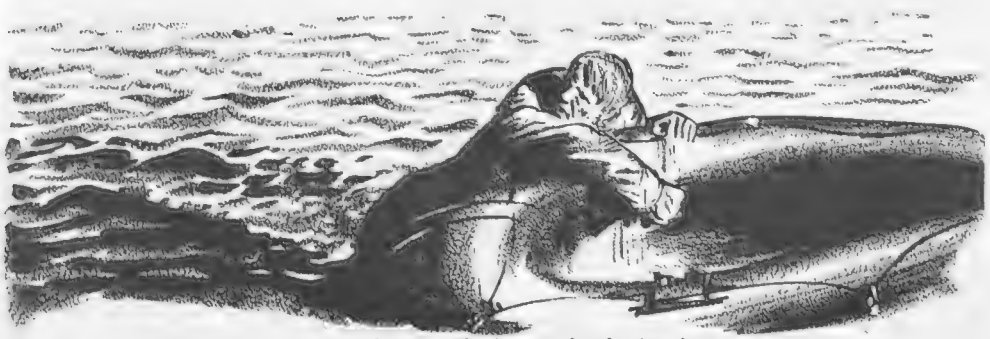
Food was something of a problem, but discarding the concentrated tablets as likely to be too strong, he decided on biscuits and his one bar of chocolate, and breaking them into small pieces he fed him with them, one by one.

It was a lengthy process and he did not know how much he should give, but he remembered hearing at some time that a starved man should only be fed with a very little at a time. Just as well, he thought. He was conscious now of acute hunger himself, but he repressed the desire. You never knew. If the mist persisted it might be days before they were found and even if the mist cleared but the clouds remained low they would not be able to send the planes out. In that case—well, he'd do his best to keep up his strange companion's strength and take the bare minimum himself.

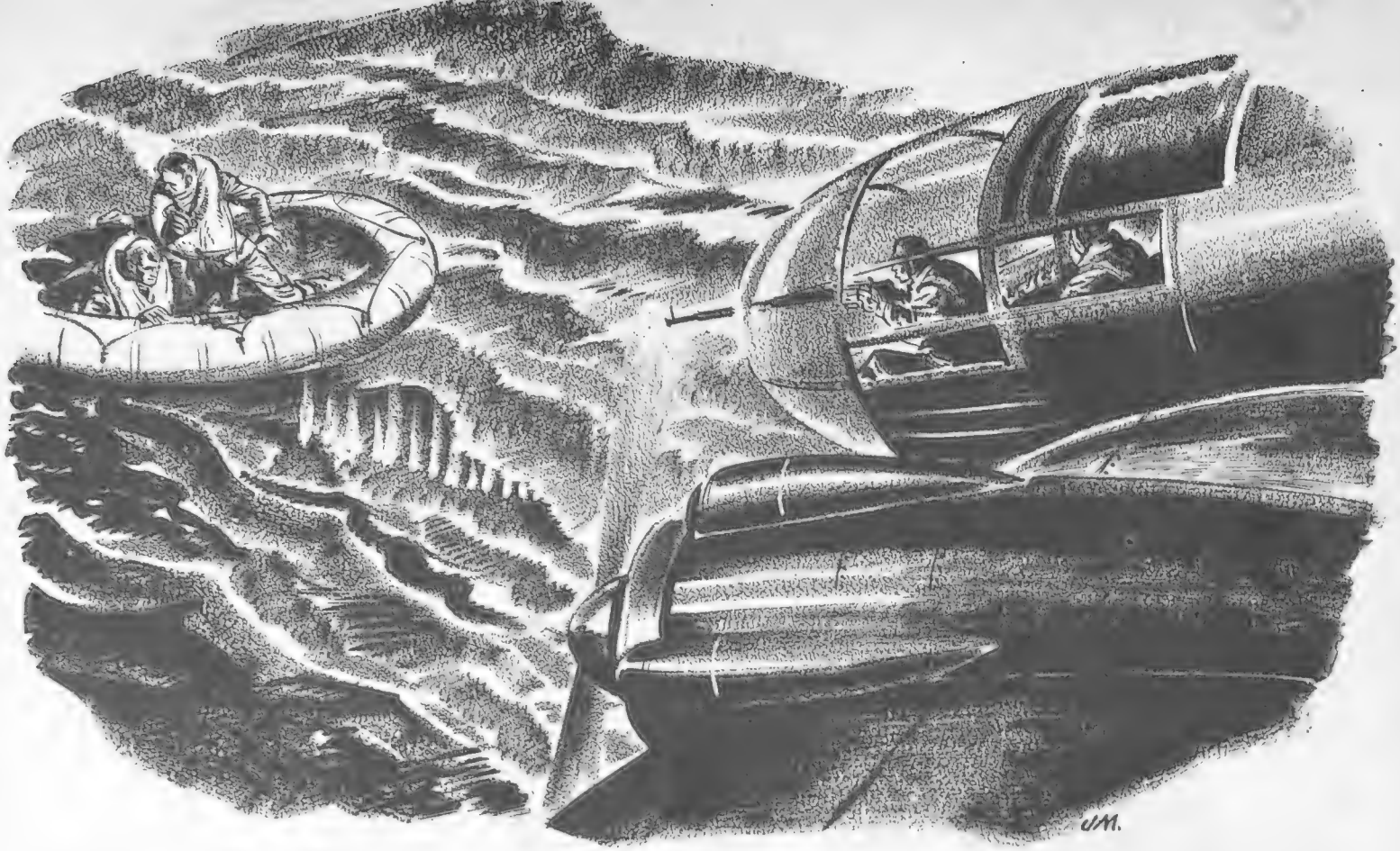
He sat down eventually with his back against the gunwale, and for the first

HE placed the edge of the tin between the man's lips. How much of the life-saving fluid was spilled he could only guess





of the emergency door, and he had no difficulty in clambering in



THE plane described a wide circle; but in another moment was diving straight at them

time he began to think of his plane and his lost companions.

Life since the war had become a matter of constant mental adjustments. First there was his career as a barrister, which he loved and for which his father had sacrificed so much to give him the necessary training. Mental adjustment number one, when he hung up his silk and took to the white flash of a cadet.

From then to passing out as a pilot and navigator all was progressive and taken in easy stages. He had got used to his new life and almost looked on others as not of his world, outsiders. Until a jettisoned bomb destroyed his home. Then it all came back to him, his childhood, his father and mother, their interest in his career, the old established order. It was all gone. Yes, he had to adjust his mind to that. He struggled against it at first, and felt old. Then he remembered a saying he once heard: "You don't grow old, you get old through not growing." It was no use struggling, you had to swim with the tide, adjust the mind to ever-changing conditions.

But the hardest of all was the loss of friends, new friends, or not friends at all, just people you had got used to. Some who irritated you perhaps. But when they had gone—something had been taken from life, and but another memory added.

And now it was Bill Hartland. Bill to whom he had been navigator and second pilot for thirty-three operational sorties. He had often faced up to being killed himself, but somehow he had never visualised anything happening to Bill. Bill with his quiet, modest assurance. He knew all the tricks, how to anticipate flak, when and how to take avoiding action, by turn or loss of height. Time and again, when all was quiet and not even a searchlight showing, Bill would say: "I'll give them another sixty seconds, David. Then watch."

Nearly always he was right and as if by magic the sky would be swept by cones of light and flak would riddle the sky. And Bill with uncanny prevision would be on another course and say: "Fooled 'em that time, David."

And now Bill had got his packet. David knew he'd been wounded in the head when they had run into the flak which had put the port engine out of action. But he had made light of it and refused all aid. Instead he cursed himself for getting his crew into trouble. Said he ought to have known they would bracket him and he ought to have lost height instead of turning.

And little Okedoke Charlie, the sergeant gunner, had got his too. God, how that man had irritated him! "Everything all right, gunner?" "Okedoke, sir." "Intercom. O.K. in the tail there?" "Okedoke, sir." He thought: If I were to ask him now if it's all right in heaven, he'd

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

answer: "Okedoke, sir." How much Sergeant Charlie's "Okedoke" had signified all the time. Courage, optimism, *bonhomie*, and plain guts. Yet it had irritated him!

Then Sergeant Saunders, the wireless operator, a new boy on his first operational trip and on his twenty-first birthday too. Pink and white, he looked as if he should still have been in the nursery. He knew nothing about him as he had only just been posted to the squadron, but if it had not been for Saunders quietly tapping out to the last minute he would not have the comfortable assurance that base had received his position.

He tried to reconstruct the incident prior to ditching. They had all known they were for it and were perfectly calm and ready for the order: "Prepare for ditching." Each had set about his separate tasks and waited, and each minute had made the task of eventual rescue easier and more certain. About three hundred feet up, there would be ample time to take up ditching stations when the engine finally cut.

"Another five minutes, I should think," Bill had said, and in about that time there had been a splutter and uncanny silence.

What happened after that he never knew. Saunders and he had taken up their positions, heads and legs braced against the shock, but when they hit it was as if they had run into a mountain. He thought of Bill, wounded in the head. He must have passed out. Never otherwise would he have miscalculated a landing like that.

Immediately the water had rushed in from beneath and he had been shot out like a cork from a bottle. The dinghy must have gone out on the impact thanks to the jettisoning of the emergency door, and he had no difficulty in clambering in, but in less than two minutes there was no sign of the plane nor of any other survivor.

His mind refused to grasp it all, but he knew he would have to face it when he was rescued, have to attune his mind to carry on. But why carry on? There was no one left now who knew him or cared. If only Olive—but Olive he had put out of his life for ever. There was no one who would miss him and he had done his bit, so why not——?

And then he remembered his strange companion. Here was someone with whom he was sharing an experience now. He wondered if they would become friends. He bent over him and could feel his stertorous breathing.

Olive. The thought of her set him thinking again, and of Adrian Teggart who had snatched her from him. At school and at the 'varsity these two had seemed fated to clash. Scholar, poet and brilliant athlete, Adrian had had no cause for jealousy against any one, least of all David Ogbourne. Subtle and clever he never aroused the least suspicion in those (*Continued on page* 68)

On Duty—and Off

A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, or it may not. Personally, I have never smelt one, so I have no opinion to offer : but this I do know for certain—there is a lot to be said for a name. Stockings named Aristoc, Kayser, Bondor or Bear Brand flatter the legs in a fashion unknown to nameless stockings. Good figures depend largely on names such as Berlei, Gossard, Le Gant, Kestos, Kemplas and Maiden Form. To most women, the names L'Aimant, L'Origan and Emeraude spell lovely fragrance by Coty. These are just a few of the names that we hope to meet again after the war, and if Mr. Dalton ever asks us "What's in a name," we can tell him the answer

By Jane Gordon

AFTER the war we will probably be urged to buy new clothes in order to put the trade back where it belongs. Meantime, the right thing to do is to wear our plain old clothes and never look dressed-up. It will be easy enough to replace old clothes with new when the time comes, but it will be a crying pity if we are not able to face up to the new clothes. You will not be able to get rid of your worn-out appearance as easily as you can dispose of the old clothes that have seen you through the war, nor will you be able to buy a new complexion to match your new evening dress. Even a course of facials cannot be expected to renovate the wear and tear of a neglected face and neck.

Now is the time to take care of yourself and let your clothes take care of themselves. Good looks do not depend entirely on specific creams and lotions that come out of jars. They depend equally on the method in which these preparations are used. You can still make use of the expert advice, substituting utility preparations until the famous makes come back again on the market. For instance, your hands may not boast Peggy Sage varnish, hand cream, or lotion, but there is nothing to stop the special Peggy Sage exercises from keeping them shapely. Here are three of her famous hand gymnastics :

The Swan

1. The Swan. Bend hand at wrist, holding fingers backwards as far as possible—dip fingers down (imitating the dive of a swan) and move hand forward, continuing the motion. Repeat each hand ten times.

2. The Merry-Go-Round. Hold hands out, palms down, keep them perfectly relaxed, then swing them around in circles from the wrist, clockwise and counter-clockwise. Repeat ten times.

The Merry-Go-Round

3. The Piano Player. Place hands on table with fingers touching and hands raised, then lift each finger separately five times, holding the other fingers firmly on the table.

If your hands are rough or chapped, make use of the homely vaseline for the nightly massage. Remember to rub with a rotating movement from the knuckles up to the wrists, and pull each finger gently but firmly as if you were trying to separate the joints. This prevents knobbly knuckles and keeps the fingers supple. Wash off surplus grease with luke-warm water and a generous lather of soap. Use hand lotion during the daytime. This is easy to get ; and remember that a manicurist always rubs in the hand lotion towards the wrist, as this has a whitening effect.

The Piano Player

Helena Rubenstein's home treatment for a crepy throat is worth remembering. Stand erect, shoulders back, head up, smooth on a layer of massage cream, turn head to the right, and with the right hand mould and massage the left side of the neck from the chin right down to the tip of the shoulder. Reverse, turning the head to the left and massaging the right side with the left hand. Now massage the back of the neck with both hands in a firm rotary movement from the back of the shoulders at the shoulder-joints, right up to the hair line. When you come home aching with fatigue, you will find this massage the most soothing thing imaginable, and far better than bromide to send you to sleep.

"I DON'T want him to come back and find me looking old." This is the operative sentence in so many of the letters asking for advice. If you yourself are troubled by this thought, it is probably because you are working all day, tired out by the end of the day, and discouraged because you can no longer get the preparations you used before the war. Subconsciously, you may feel that Elizabeth Arden has let you down because you can no longer get your favourite Arden cream. But have you thought of making use of her facial exercises ? She knows more about keeping your face young through exercise than anyone else in the world. It is silly to allow crowsfeet, lines, hollows, and puffs under the eyes simply because you are short of some special oil or cream that you used before the war. Use these three exercises, and bathe the eyes after treatment with cold water to which you have added a little salt. The right amount is one teaspoonful to the pint :

For Crowsfeet

For Crowsfeet.

1. Kneading above the eyes. . . . Put thumbs on cheekbones and curve first finger, pressing them above the eyebrows. Knead lightly but firmly in six rhythmic movements to outward corner of the eyes. Repeat ten times with each eye.

For Tired Eyes.

2. Cupping the eyes. . . . Close the eyes and lightly place the hands in a cupped position over the eyes. Gently press against the eyeball so that you see black. Raise the whole eye and draw slightly outward. As you remove hands, open eyes for a few seconds. Repeat ten times.

For Pouches under the Eyes.

3. Stretch eyes and close for pouches beneath eyes. . . . Close eye and draw first finger over the eyeball from the nose to the outer with slight pressure, elongating eye. Relax, open eye, repeat ten times with each eye.

Crepy Throat Treatment.

4. For a double chin, try Miss Arden's jaw resister exercise : (*a*) Rest elbows on table . . . hold book in the palm of hands. Place chin on book, open mouth and jaws as wide as you can and press book firmly up against the chin. Count ten slowly as you gradually permit jaws to be forced shut, while you resist upward movement of book. (*b*) Now, with jaws shut and book in same position, count ten slowly while gradually you force the jaws open.

Crepy Throat Treatment

For filling out hollow, sagging cheeks and smoothing out lines around the nose and mouth, Miss Arden recommends the following : (Continued on page 67)

Post-War

IT seems safe to say that the crystallisation of our plans for reconstruction in the future have begun with the new Education Bill.

The backwardness of our educational policy has been a reproach to the National conscience far too long, but it is, we hope, a symptom and a foretaste of post-war reconstruction that such an important stride can be taken in the midst of our pre-occupation with war.

Progress towards the fullest achievement of our educational aims must inevitably be slow, but the way is prepared for an educational future more full of promise for the younger generation than almost any other factor in our national affairs.

Education in its widest conception, as we now see it, goes beyond the acquisition of formal knowledge to the far aim of developing character and intelligence according to the different capacities and tastes of the pupil, and in so doing, the aim is to encourage the habits and principles of self-respecting citizenship.

In this connection, the nature and development of school premises, apart from the teaching policy, is interesting as a contributory factor. An environment which helps in the task of providing a mental and physical equipment adequate to the needs of later life is essential to the success of the formal teaching itself.

Good progress has already been made in the improvement of school buildings by progressive local authorities all over England and Wales, notably, in Northern Ireland. Unfortunately, the war brought these developments to an abrupt close, though it is a fact that the experience gained during this time—much of it painful—has established an even more elastic conception of future needs, which can be counted for good.

The schools pictured on these pages typify the better type of building development in progress when the war began. They may be taken as a basis upon which the future depends and an assurance of enthusiasm and vision which already exists.

The Board of Education have conducted long and earnest research into the problems of reconstruction and development of the school building. Their recommendations are, and

The

1. The value of music as a corporative activity in schools is emphasised in the new educational policy. This is a school orchestra at rehearsal.

2. School hall at the Newcastle-on-Tyne, Whickham View, Council School, one of the most progressive of school buildings in the country.

3. The Squash Court and Gymnasium of the Acton County Boys' Schools, one of the splendid secondary schools erected by the Middlesex County Education Committee.

4. The main entrance of the Acton, Middlesex, County Council School for Boys, an outstanding design among many in this progressive county.

5. Hendon, Middlesex, has a new Technical Institute where the young technician of to-morrow trains for a career in the most favourable environment that modern building design can provide. This is a

School House

and have been for some time, available to local educational authorities and have, in fact, been closely followed by such authorities as had, before the war, found the means and the enthusiasm to embark upon a policy of reconstruction.

Principles of design, construction and equipment for each class of school have been laid down in detail by the Board of Education experts. Most of these have been incorporated in the new schools already functioning.

Infants' schools, for instance, are, according to recommendations, to have carefully chosen sites as near as possible to populous areas, so that smaller children have the shortest possible distance to travel to school. The buildings are to be warm, sunny, well-lighted and laid out, so as to provide the more intimate character required in a school for small children.

The next grade—the Junior School—is an extension of the outstanding principles of the infant premises. At this stage the children are acquiring definite accomplishments, and this has an important bearing upon the size, design and nature of the premises.

The problems of design and lay-out change considerably in regard to the Senior Schools. Moreover, the raising of the school-leaving age introduces new factors which call for the amendment of present plans.

The Senior School is visualised as an organisation with the capacity to provide the individual boy or girl with the mental and physical equipment suited to his or her particular needs.

Science and handicraft rooms, housecraft rooms, gymnasiums, swimming-baths and a school hall as the centre of corporate activity will give, and are already giving in many schools, an ideal background for instruction in practical and social accomplishments.

Wherever new schools have been erected on a comprehensive scale, the adoption of the most modern form of architectural design has proved to be the most suitable.

It is agreed that school sites should be easily accessible, yet as far as possible protected from noise both without and within. Entrances from busy and dangerous thoroughfares are barred so far as is practicable, and every amenity calculated to make school life a pleasure as well as an education is provided for.

Winifred Lewis.

Pictures

classroom for the typewriting section.

6. A magnificent swimming-bath is one of the amenities of the Whickham View, Newcastle-on-Tyne Council School, of which the Main Hall is also shown above.

7. Modern classrooms have windows distributed to light every individual table or desk. This is a Classroom Library at the Whickham View Council School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

8. General problems of discipline and organisation in the new school are left to the students themselves. A typical Prefects' Meeting in one of the new County Council Secondary Mixed Schools.

9. Northern Ireland has one of the best examples of the new school building in the Grove Public Elementary School, Belfast. This is a corner of the Main Quadrangle.

je suis - I am, j'etais - I was, je serais - I shall be
la soeur de mon ami - The sister of my friend

The New School System

Some people, looking back, can call their school-days the happiest of all. These are the lucky ones who, possibly, found it easy to fit into a communal system wherein the educational policy was designed for all, rather than for the individual. Not all are so easily adaptable, and for these, school-days of the past have frequently represented a period of time fraught with the difficulties of adjustment. It is a splendid augury for the future that a new understanding of this problem has arisen, and that the modern school system, now only in its infancy, is designed in a more individual sense, so that the whole background of school life is sufficiently elastic to provide for the needs and the individual potentialities of each child.

Very small children are to have facilities for learning how to mix with others; to join in safe and interesting play in and out of doors, and to acquire the first principles of discipline which enable them, later, to extract the fullest benefit from instruction in practical and social things.

Physical training and games, music and elementary instruction in art vary the monotony of study. Girls will have their first grounding in good housewifery. Boys are promised a start in the technical subjects which are so great an interest to the masculine mind.

Vocational training is to be an outstanding feature of the senior school curriculum, and this, of course, is implemented by the technical schools, which are, where they are already functioning, giving such fine opportunities to young men and women from the school-leaving age onwards to acquire the best available preparation for the careers of their choice.

Subtly Styled

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Patons' 3-ply Beehive Fingering in natural ; No. 9 needles ; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; sleeve seam, 18 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

NOTE.—Side which shows P.3 st. is right side.

THE BACK

Cast on 109 sts. Work following pattern :

1st row.—* k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * to end, ending k. 1.

2nd row.—* p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to end, ending p. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows. When there are 5 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 141 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 109 sts. Work 53 sts. K. 2 tog. Leave other 54 on holder until later. Work on these sts. until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge until there are 18 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT (Left Panel)

Cast on 41 sts. Work the pattern for 5 ins. M. 1 st. at right edge of work only on every 4th row until there are 16 increases (57 sts.). Work straight until there are 14 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 28 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at left edge of work (centre) and keep armhole edge straight until there are no sts. left.

RIGHT PANEL

Cast on and work as left for 5 ins. Now increase at opposite edge and work to correspond.

(Continued on page 66)

A Striped Vest

MATERIALS

7 ozs. Patons' 3-ply Beehive Fingering in lime green ; 1½ ozs. in navy 3-ply ; No. 10 needles ; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 98 sts. in lime. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 126 sts. Work straight until side seams measure 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 98 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 28 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to shape armholes. Then k. 2 tog., work 35 sts., cast off 52, work 35, k. 2 tog. Now work on these last 36 sts. and k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there have been 14 decreases made. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are 2 sts. Fasten off. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 80 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for 2 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS (two alike)

Cast on 28 sts. Work stocking st. for 2 rows lime and 2 rows navy alternately for 10 ins. Cast off. Press cuffs, and fold and press in half lengthways. Sew on to edge of sleeves. Sew sleeve seams.

(Continued on page 67)

PRIMARY NEEDS

Outdoors . . . A coat to wear over suit, jumper suit, summer, spring or winter dress.

Indoors . . . A housecoat for receiving, reclining or just quiet-timing.

1. Styled with the distinction of this house, a new typical Dereta topcoat in royal blue velours, featuring double-flapped pockets, a longish rever, well-built shoulders, a fitted waistline. Also obtainable in black, navy, camel, emerald, powder, Air Force blue, gold. £13 14s. 7d.

2. This Harella wool velours coat is, unbelievably, Utility, selling at around 80s., obtainable in black and various pastel shades and five sizes. The suave, squared shoulders, slant pockets, two pleats at back, all-round belt, add up to comfortable elegance.

Both coats—or similar Harella and Dereta designs—can be found, in limited numbers, in good shops all over the country.

3. This type of fine woollen housecoat—differing slightly perhaps in detail, but broadly on these lines—is to be seen in most of the big shops to-day. It will be pricy, but is wonderful value for seven coupons.

4. Here is a new idea: a two-piece woollen housecoat, composed of a blouse and a full skirt on a wide waistband, which buttons right through the centre front. When it is not being a housecoat, it becomes a cosy shirt, a long, warm dinner-skirt.

CONVALESCENCE

THE basic requirements of all convalescents are similar. The patients are recovering from a battle with germs or body disorders that have taxed the blood corpuscles to the utmost; therefore the blood needs building up as rapidly as possible.

They have let muscles and limbs become atrophied by non-use; therefore they will need slow but progressive exercise to get the body functioning properly again. They have used up their energies in the illness, therefore they have a poor mental resistance to gloom, and, as a cheerful mental outlook is important in these last stages of recovery, this is one of the main problems for the nurse.

The first thought on body- or blood-building is diet. A convalescent should have a rich diet with an increased supply of vitamins and proteins. If the illness has been accompanied by a body fever, more energy will have been utilised; therefore extra sugars and fats must be taken. Here is a typical wartime menu for the convalescing patient:

Breakfast: Cereal, or porridge with a spoonful of some vitaminised preparation, milk and sugar; kipper, or bacon and dried scrambled egg; bread or toast with butter or margarine, marmalade; tea or coffee.

Elevenses: Cocoa made with milk (household if you have no other); or a Vitamin B preparation in hot milk.

Lunch: Thick soup with grated cheese on top; meat, fish or liver, with potatoes and green vegetables; stewed apples and custard or any fruit you may have, fresh or bottled.

Tea: Bread and butter or bread and dripping; jam, honey or fish-paste; tea, cake or biscuits.

Supper: Milk or soup; welsh rabbit, made with breadcrumbs to improve digestibility; or some other nourishing savoury, made with cheese or fish.

Bedtime: Ovaltine, Horlicks or some other preparation made with milk or dried milk.

If the patient is recovering from an illness that necessitates a specific diet, you will, of course, have to get that from the doctor.

This diet will build up the blood content, but, in addition, you must take the general health rules into the daily routine, so that the blood stream is kept purified. Fresh air, sunshine when possible, water between meals; breathing exercises; perfect bowel action—all have their reaction in the improved condition of the patient.

Exercise must be taken gradually in most cases, but it is not necessary to coddle the patient too much in this respect, unless warned against it by the doctor, in which case it is wise to try to interest the patient in something that keeps him off his feet.

Patients are divided into those who will get up and walk around before they should, thus putting an added strain on an operation wound or some weak organs; and those who lie timidly back when they could be up and doing.

A cheerful patient heals, recovers and is himself again long before a moping one; but remember that an illness taxing the energies also taxes the cheer reserves.

Try to have a few interesting friends on the visiting list. Remember that the patient has most likely had your company for a good while, perhaps almost exclusively. Your topics of conversation have been stretched to breaking-point. Your personality, however attractive, has probably palled a little. Visitors are quite important in a hospital; they are equally so at home during convalescence.

Books, radio, writing are all interest-provokers that are good for the morale, but make sure that the books brought and attempted are not of the sordid or morbid type. Don't, as a visitor, start a discussion on the weaknesses of civilisation and mankind.

It may not upset you to voice a little bitter criticism, but to hear it may set the patient back a few days or so. In these days it is important for everyone to be out and working again as soon as possible, and as well as possible, so every detail must be taken into account and treated as important.

I Can Tell

Undeniably, there is something very barometrical about feet. You feel a sharp twinge. A nasty corn is telling you that you must take your umbrella and your raincoat.

But corns should be neither seen nor heard. There is one very good cure for that twinge, quite apart from ridding yourself of the corn, and the excellent pain-cure is castor-oil. Soak your feet in hot water with a tablespoonful of common soda, remove as much of the corn as possible with a blunt instrument, then put a little pad of cotton wool soaked in castor-oil between the toes. This can be done in the morning before putting on your shoes, or at night before going to bed. Having subdued the pain, for the time being, now get down to the serious business of exterminating the corn.

Keeping all pressure off the corn point, whether between toes or on the outside of the toes, soak the foot for five or ten minutes each day in the hot soda-water and pare off

Health and Beauty
By Chrysis

If you want help anything mentioned Eve," Commonwealth

BEAUTY BULLETIN

MEMBERS of his Majesty's Forces serving overseas are lucky in one respect at least—Elizabeth Arden is now permitted by the Board of Trade to send them Arden preparations without Purchase Tax and without quota restrictions. So if you have any relatives or friends to whom you want to make a really thrilling gesture, contact Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. All parcels must be sent direct from them. They will send a price-list, giving the actual cost, exclusive of Purchase Tax. Five shillings per parcel should be included when ordering, to cover cost of postage and insurance.

IF you have any old bottles of dried-up foundation lotion in a summer sun-tan shade, put a few tablespoonfuls of hot water in the bottle, shake it and leave until the mixture is liquid and appliable. Then, when you have under-eye shadows, or even that strange whiteness that sometimes spoils make-up, apply your old sun-tan lotion thinly under your eyes, covering shadows and hiding them completely. Well applied, it will not be at all obvious, nor will the shadows.

FEBRUARY faces are said to be rather grim. After months of bitter winds, sleet, fog, snow, the wrinkles seem to multiply and the whole complexion gets under the weather. Now is the time for a good weekly or bi-weekly scrub with a very soft toothbrush and well-warmed medicinal paraffin oil.

After this super-cleansing and stimulating, apply a warm or hot face flannel to get off all the oil and grubbiness. With a clean surface, wet and open pores, massage in your skin food. Leave it on for a minute and then massage until it has all been absorbed. Apply hot flannel again and then a home-made mask of cotton wool in which you have cut nose- and eye-holes—strip the cotton wool in half so that it has a thin layer and soak it in a good skin tonic. Ejyra still make their soothing, but slightly astringent, Clovermilk, and it is excellent for this. This mask should be left on for five or ten minutes. Take it off, and your face should feel more like spring than February.

HAIR can be brushed and combed, but many women despair of getting weak hair strong again by such natural health measures. If the hair is in a bad state, it is beneficial to nourish the scalp and to stimulate it with tonics. A good tonic and a vitality oil for falling hair are still obtainable in London, prices being 5s. or 9s. 6d. each, according to size required. There is also a good dandruff pomade at 5s. which should be used by all sufferers. Postage extra on everything.

COTY are now making a new and excellent cleansing milk called "Dorma," economical in use, as it has good spreading qualities. It is particularly good for that quick, midday clean-up, as it leaves the skin fresh and toned. Price 7s., including tax; although it is, of course, limited in supply, you should be able to get it from all good stores and chemists.

DON'T let war deficiencies be your excuse for uncared-for hands. You can still obtain a hand-care outfit which includes a marvellous cream for building up breaking or splitting nails.

IF you have a shiny nose in hot winter rooms or anywhere else, you should try a clever little preparation, price 2s. 6d. a jar. It definitely prevents this little affliction.

It Will Rain

(never cut with a sharp instrument) as much as is possible until you are right down to the core.

Then apply a corn-plaster around the core with an application of salicylic acid, which dissolves the horny substance of the core and makes it easily removable.

Having removed the corn, look to the cause and see that you do not irritate another one into being. It is so easy to pad the toes with a little piece of cotton wool or lint.

Bunions also have a habit of trying their skill as weather-prophets. Massage castor-oil into them every night before going to bed. Do foot exercises to keep the joint supple, and pad with cotton wool, between the large and second toes, and on the outside of the bunion if there is any sign of a corn forming there. When you go to bed at night you should have the padding held in with a bandage, and it should be a large pad to act as a wedge between the toes. Paint with iodine whenever you have it free of castor-oil.

with your beauty troubles or further details of in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A Dog's Life

Can still be enjoyable both for you and him. He will cost more in money and time, but he's worth it.

NOBODY buys a dog casually now. To begin with, good puppies are scarce and extremely expensive, and there is the ever-present feeding problem to consider. All the same, people are still buying dogs deliberately and enthusiastically in spite of the difficulties, because the companionship of a devoted animal is beyond price, especially to lonely people—and war makes many of us lonely.

In fairness to the dog and to yourself, however, it is essential to weigh the circumstances carefully before plunging into dog ownership. Ask yourself if you have the time and the space to make him happy and to keep him well. This doesn't mean you have to coddle your animal—far from it—but a good dog is worthy of careful attention, and puppies take up a lot of time for the first month or two, if they are well cared for and trained well.

The choice of breed depends exactly upon what kind of companion is needed and the environment that can be given. However passionately you may admire a mastiff, it is not a good idea to have one unless the conditions are suitable. A big dog in small quarters is a pitiful sight and, even with the kindest treatment, soon becomes a frustrated, nervous creature without the freedom and exercise which only unlimited space in the country can give an animal of this size.

For sheer sportsmanship combined with manageable proportions, a Scottie or a Sealyham is hard to beat. Neither of these types are such good mixers with children as, for instance, a spaniel or a bulldog. Even so, a dog's suitability for family life depends more upon his training and the manner in which the younger members are taught to handle him than upon his own particular breed.

Spaniels are affectionate and decorative, perfect pets if you must sentimentalise your pet. The Welsh corgi is small and trim and easily trainable because he has ancestral roots in the sheep-herding strain. Daschunds are wonderfully good company because they are so intelligent. They are friendly and affectionate too, and—a very good point this—immaculate in their habits. Terriers need a lot of grooming and are boisterous, but the number of terrier pets seen around is sufficient proof, if you need any, that they are easy to handle and good company as well as being of the right size for the ordinary household.

A good dog will cost anything from ten to fifteen guineas now. Dogs cost a little more than bitches. Even a mongrel may cost a guinea or so to-day, but the price is not too high for people who take the view that intelligence is often worth more than pedigree.

Feeding a dog adequately to-day takes a lot of patience and almost as much ingenuity, but it can be done and is being done everywhere by people who are willing to take trouble.

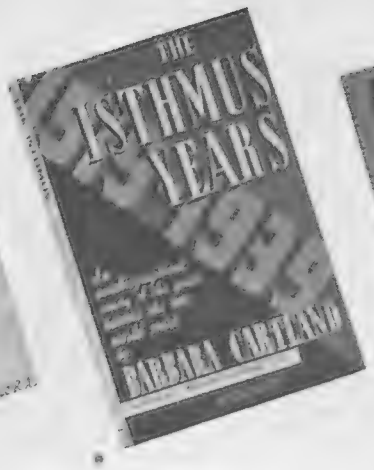
A small puppy needs several feeds a day. Little but often is the slogan for a dog up to about nine weeks old. Puppy-foods are rather scarce, but what is available can be supplemented with porridge left from your own breakfast. This should be given as fresh as possible and not left to get lumpy.

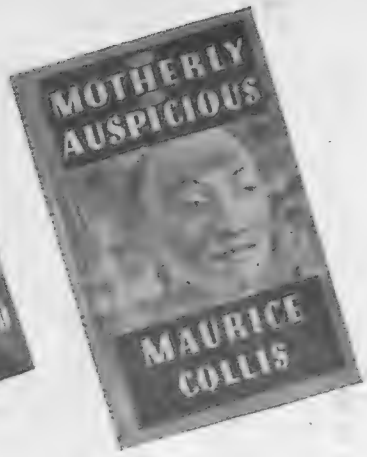
The milk shortage makes it difficult to make puppy-feeds as milky as they should ideally be for good health, but dried milk from your own ration will do instead of fresh.

After five months old, meals can be reduced to two per day: one in the morning and one at night. One of these should consist of raw meat, and the other of fresh, chopped, cooked vegetables, with sufficient gravy to moisten, though not enough to make it soggy.

Nearly every town has a shop which retails horse-flesh now. This is about the only way the dog owner can hope to give meat to her pet, and the chances are that she will have to queue on certain days of the week to get even this.

On the whole, a dog will suffer no more from wartime shortages of food than his owner does if his diet is intelligently and painstakingly planned. The important thing is that he should have the exercise and the freedom to run around which are just as important to his health and happiness as a generous pre-war diet.





Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

Men We Want To Know

HOW many of us—even relatives or friends—really know the men who go out on raids and sweeps, doing a grim job well? They have a jargon, a code, of their own, and inhabit a personal world. We may say "Cheers!" over a beer with them—and still remain outside it. But suppose you were an intelligence officer living with them, briefing them before an operation, interrogating them when they return dumb-tired?

That is the job of Squadron Leader Derek Gilpin Barnes who, in **"Cloud Cover"** (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.), gives us his bomber and fighter stations "off the record." His themes? A pilot who leaves a game of draughts unfinished to take off for Germany, and never completes it. Another who brings a charming young bride to the station—the kind of girl who, when he is posted "missing," says she must visit the wives and sweethearts of his crew at once, then join the WAAF—"Pick up Quix's thread—in my little way." And so on, and so on.

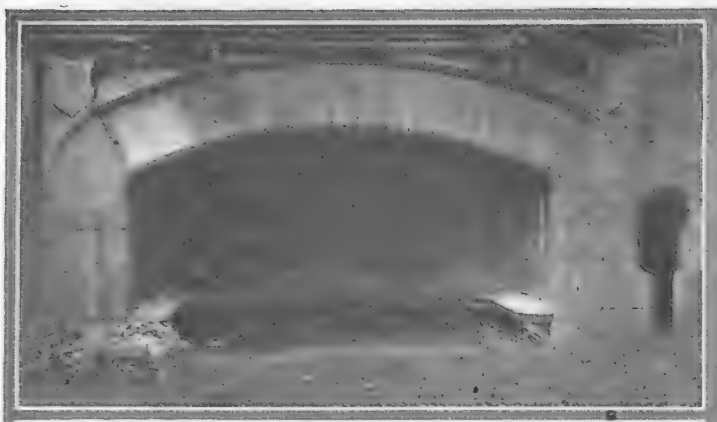
The touch is true, with just the right sentiment, emotion, humour. We feel we *know* the men who do a grim job well. We say "Thank you" for such simple testimony, unforced by literary pretension; and for the intimate sepia chalk studies of Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A., so worthy of their subjects.

DO you remember the "jazz age" between the wars when there were tea, dinner, supper and almost breakfast *dansants*—the world of Mayfair parties, Bright Young Things, dowagers, orchids, first nights, Cowes, Cannes? Barbara Cartland (Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale) is specially qualified to chronicle those "careless 'twenties and threadbare 'thirties," for—having laid the ghost of the plain child she was—she "came out" in 1919, plunged into the vortex, soon received her first proposal and by the time she married in 1927 had scored exactly forty-nine in fulfilment of her granny's prediction: "If one man wants to marry you, they all do."

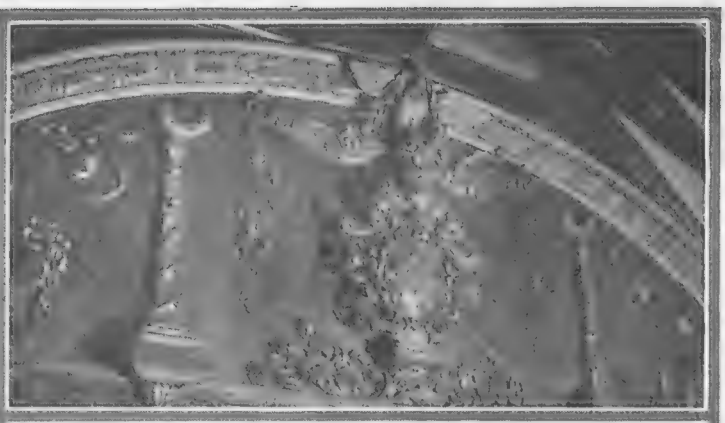
In **"The Isthmus Years"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) we meet every one who mattered. We learn, for instance, that "F.E."—the late Lord Birkenhead—at Cowes would dive with a lighted cigar in his mouth and come to the surface with it still alight; that at Deauville Sir "Jimmy" Dunn, the Canadian steel magnate, offered to pay Noel Coward £1,200 for five years on condition that he received twenty per cent of everything the author of "The Vortex" earned during that period! But don't imagine the book is just socialite chatter. It is "a story of joy and gaiety, of laughter and tears, because I am writing of my own life and I've lived fully, every minute of it." Miss Cartland is a very human writer with a serious philosophy; but she does not let it disturb her beauty sleep . . .

HOW we are atoning for those "reckless 'twenties" is recorded in a handsome quarto, **"British Women Go To War"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.). There are forty-nine excellent colour photographs by Mr. P. G. Hennell showing women in every kind of war activity. To the text Mr. J. B. Priestley brings the knowledge and sympathy he revealed in his factory novel, "Daylight on Saturday." After the armistice excitement, the war, he thinks, will leave women dissatisfied with social and economic conditions like those they knew, and the presence of a host of dissatisfied wives and mothers can change the history of a country. "Their courage and endurance, their enterprise and growing initiative, will not utterly disappear just because the guns have ceased firing." I can see a great number buying this book to cut out one plate, frame it, and say in after years: "*That's* what I did in Hitler's War!"

IT is an absorbing story—the opening up of the world's sea routes. Mr. Warren Armstrong relates it historically in **"The Freedom of the Seas"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), from the Phœnicians to Warburton Lee by way of adventurers like Vasco da Gama, Drake, Hawkins, Cook and the small ships they sailed, and those voyages of the *Flying Dutchman*, *Great Eastern*, and great tea clippers which are the sailor's pride. "The seamen," (*Continued on page* 52)



The stone fireplace at Wycollar Hall, Lancashire. Note the curious keyhole-shaped recess on one side, said to have been used for keeping gunpowder dry, or as an oven



Frieze and heraldic decoration, stretching the full length of the room, which surmounts the fireplace in the Reading Room of Chetham's Hospital, Manchester

The Glory of Antiquity

Some Interesting Fireplaces

By G. Bernard Wood

WYCOLLAR HALL, the family seat in Lancashire of the Cunliffes, is in ruins, but the fireplace, with its curious keyhole-shaped recess on one side—said to have been used for keeping the powder dry, or as an oven—was restored about 200 years ago, and is still in fine condition. The stone seat is as inviting as ever to those eager to hear the stories and legends that have gathered around the hunting squires of Wycollar, and many a hall in the northern shires can match its appeal.

Considering all the associations of hearth and home, can you wonder at the decoration that was so frequently lavished on their fireplaces by the gentry of days gone by?

Adorned with glorious carvings of deer and grinning masks by Grinling Gibbons, the chimney-piece in the entrance hall at Tong, near Bradford, will soon be more widely known, as the hall—for so long the home of the Tempests—is to be opened as a youth educational centre.

Offsetting an entertaining fireplace at Heath Old Hall, near Wakefield, whose Dutch tiles relate all the incidents in *Sleeping Beauty*, is one in an adjoining room, where the mantelpiece shows Jezebel being thrown from an upper window and Jehu riding up to the palace. It is a most dramatic treatment of the old subject.

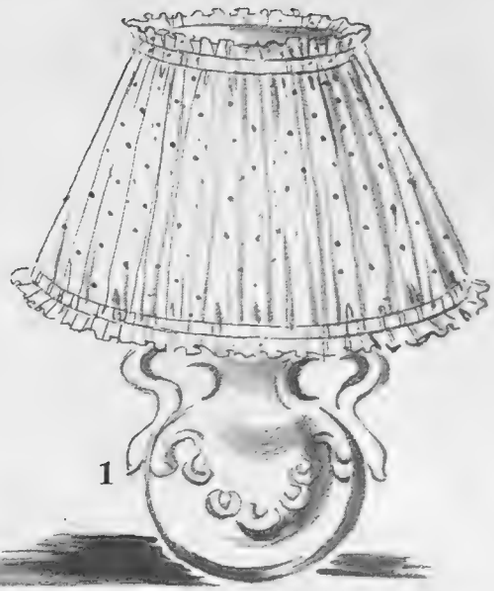
Probably the finest "scriptural" chimney-piece in the north is that in the Merchant Adventurers' Court at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Carved in oak and bearing the date 1636, it was moved to its present position from the ancient room over the (*Continued on page* 51)

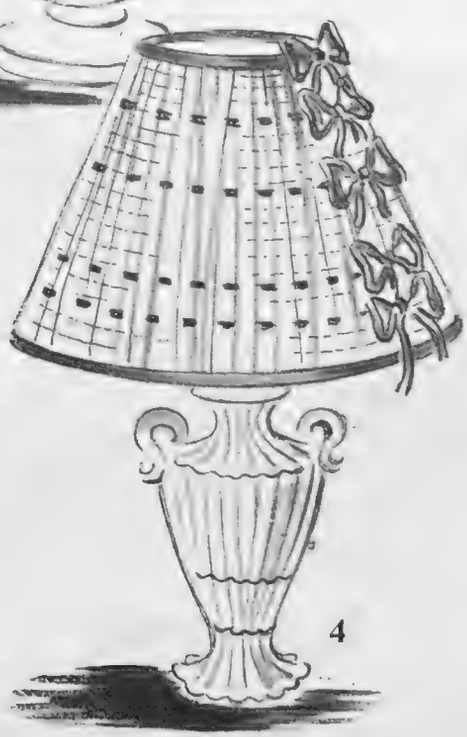
Jacobean mantelpiece in one of the bedrooms at Bolling Hall, Bradford. It was in this room that the Earl of Newcastle slept after capturing Bradford for the king, during the Civil Wars

The "Judgement of Solomon," left-hand panel decorating fireplace at Merchant Adventurers' Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne

The "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," right-hand panel decorating fireplace at Merchant Adventurers' Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Sliding panel revealing food-hatch to priest hole behind fireplace at Clarke Hall, near Wakefield





Make a Lampshade

NEW lampshades are pricey to-day, but if your fingers are neat and shrewd, it is easy to make new covers for old shades by stripping the old covering from the wire frame and replacing it.

Old scraps of silk, cut-up crêpe and chiffon undies make good foundations for lamp drapes of net and lace.

(1) An old spotted net curtain mounted over a pale coloured foundation of silk. Foundation and net are cut from straight lengths and shirred at the top and bottom edge before being attached to the frame. The material is cut deeper than the frame at top and bottom to allow a heading to stand up and form a soft frill.

(2) Plain paper or parchment shades can be given added interest with a painted checker-board design put on in crayon or with paintbox colours. Pencil out the design lightly. If you cannot do it freehand, guide your pencil with a piece of cord tied around the shade at the right depth to mark the edges. Checks can be filled in freehand before colouring.

(3) Another paper or shade is brightenedwith flower sprays cut from wall-paper and stuck on. A pleated frill of ribbon stitched along the centre is attached at the edges.

(4) A straight length of cream fishnet curtaining is used for this shade and mounted over a chiffon lining. Four rows of different-coloured ribbon are threaded through the net, and tied in bows at one side. The whole is fastened to the edges of the frame with a ribbon bind.

(5) This shade consists of two semicircles of chiffon seamed together to form a circle with a hole cut in the centre, the depth corresponding to the measurement from top to base of the wire frame. Tartan ribbon is added to the bottom and the top. This is fixed after the shade is attached to the frame.

SITTING-ROOM WITH PALEST BLUE WALLS AND WOODWORK. A SETTEE AND ARMCHAIRS ARE COVERED WITH A DARK BLUEY-GREEN TWEED. THE CURTAINS AND VALANCE BELOW THE CORNER SHELF WHERE RECORDS ARE STORED ARE DEEPER THAN THE WALLS WITH A SIMPLE MOTIF IN CERISE. CERISE TRIMS LAMPSHADES AND CUSHIONS.

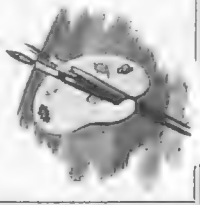
A RARE COLOUR SCHEME BUILT UP AROUND WALLS OF ANTIQUE YELLOW: GILT CHAIRS COVERED WITH A RICH YELLOW SATIN STRIPED WITH CHARTREUSE. A MODERN RUG IS CHARTREUSE AND PLUM AND THE CURTAINS ARE PLUM SATIN. A VIOLET SATIN ARMCHAIR INTRODUCES A SUDDEN AND LOVELY NOTE OF VARIETY TO THE SCHEME.

★

HISTORY. Primary colours, which include black, white red, blue and yellow form the basis from which all other colours are derived by mixing one or more of the former. There are also advancing and receding colours of which the former are warm and cheerful (red is an advancing colour) and the latter colder and clearer (for example, blue).

ASPECTS. Rooms with a north aspect and a minimum of daylight and sunshine require warm colours for background. Among these are cream, all shades of yellow, tan and shades of brown, red and shades of pink, excluding shrill pinks which are predominantly blue (fuchsia and cerise). Peach, apricot and plum are also good colours for a north-facing room.

South rooms with plenty of sunshine are best treated with white—off-white is best—blue (all shades from ice blue to royal) pale grey and blue-grey tones, lavender, fuchsia, purple and derivations of purple. Greens are restful in either a north or a south room, except in the case of the blue-green tones which are cold unless in combination with warm tones like peach or red.



TREATMENT. Keep dark colours for the lower half of the scheme and lighter colours for the top. For example, carpets should be darker than walls and walls darker than ceilings.

No Colour

COLOUR is the most exciting single factor in the decoration of the home. It is the simplest and most inexpensive means of introducing character and interest to simple everyday objects. Yet, oddly, it is exploited little in the average home.

The amateur has a fear of colour in its less conventional aspects that is quite unjustified. Exciting or soothing schemes call for no more than an elementary knowledge of colour principles and the self-confidence to apply them.

At this time, when new furniture and fabrics are practically unobtainable, colour is still available as a decorative medium, and can, by itself, achieve the most stimulating effects in the midst of shabby and outdated furnishings.

A new background starts the old room off on a new path of adventure. Before choosing the new background one naturally has to take existing unchangeable effects into account. Rugs and carpets cannot be altered. Curtains may also have to remain unless they can be dyed or given a new trimming which will mate them with the ensemble.

In regard to backgrounds, the basic principles are that dark colours tend to make a room seem smaller and light tones increase its apparent size. If a room is not well lit and does not get a sufficient quota of natural sunlight, cold colours like blue

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS SITTING-ROOM ARE SOME BEAUTIFUL PERSIAN RUGS AND A SET OF VALUABLE OLD COLOUR PRINTS. TURQUOISE WALLS MAKE A FLATTERING BACKGROUND FOR THESE AS WELL AS A COLLECTION OF OLD GLASS, SOME BLUE, SOME AMETHYST. AMETHYST, TOO, IS THE CHOSEN COLOUR FOR CURTAINS AND CHAIR COVERS.

JACOBEAN LINEN IN TAWNY ORANGE, YELLOW AND TAN ON A NATURAL GROUND GIVE THE KEYNOTE OF THIS COLOUR SCHEME. A BACKGROUND OF DEEP CREAM WITH WOODWORK OF A DARKER TONE BLEND SUBTLY WITH THE CURTAINS OF TANGERINE VELVET. ELSEWHERE IN THE ROOM ACCENTS OF CLEAR GREEN ARE USED FOR CONTRAST

STARKLY SIMPLE MODERN FURNITURE TAKES CHARACTER FROM AN UNUSUAL COLOUR SCHEME. THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM ARE OFF-WHITE, THE CHAIRS ARE COVERED IN THE SAME COLOUR, BUT PIPED WITH FUCHSIA. THE CARPET IS LIME GREEN AND THE CURTAINS SHOW RAISED STRIPES OF FUCHSIA ON A NATURAL BACKGROUND.

A PURE WHITE BEDROOM SCHEME RELIEVED WITH TOUCHES OF GREEN. WALLS, WOODWORK AND FLOOR BOARDS ARE WHITE. THE PAINTED CHEST AND BEDSIDE TABLE ARE WHITE PICKED OUT WITH GEORGIAN GREEN. WHITE DAMASK CURTAINS AND BEDSPREAD ARE EDGED WITH GREEN FRINGE IN THE SAME CLEAR ANTIQUE GREEN AS BEFORE.

Barred

and the derivations of blue, say, mauve, grey and clear greens are cheerless and will not give a pleasing foundation, although they may be effective as a contrast to the background. Creams and tones of yellow, as well as pale pink, on the other hand, are warm and cheerful, though the amateur is a little inclined to play for safety with these known backgrounds, and by so doing is liable to miss some lovely and more unusual results.

Yellow is popular as a background colour and though warm and pretty is not specially exciting. On the other hand, by choosing a much deeper yellow for the walls and combining it with paler shades of the same colour elsewhere it is possible to build up a very interesting scheme.

There are subtle differences in the various shades of one colour. Even a slightly deeper or lighter tone than the commonplace one can make a scheme more alive and more stimulating.

It is absolutely essential, when choosing paper, paint, or distemper for background work, to experiment over and over with small samples of the chosen colour before the exact shade required is achieved. Decorators must be supervised step by step. There is no greater disappointment than to leave painters at work on your walls and on returning to find that what was intended to be a subtle peach has ended up as violent pink.

Careful selection becomes harder in these times when the shortage of supplies and labour is so acute, but the principle is still worth bearing in mind.

Matched walls and woodwork is advisable in most small rooms. A continuous background colour is softer to the eye and makes the room seem larger. Broken effects are only really admissible when there is space to spare.

Orange, particularly the lovely burnt orange shade, makes a perfect partnership with yellow. If other shades of yellow are brought into the same scheme, the effect is really charming, assuming that the gradations of colour are soft.

Most people are content with the use of two colours to make a scheme, but in practice three, or even four, colours are far less monotonous.

Blue is, perhaps, the most generally loved of all colours. It can be cold or stimulating, depending on the handling of it. A one-colour scheme in varying shades of blue is fascinating if, for instance, a pale gentian is used for the walls with a deeper lupin blue for curtains and covers, and a rich royal for the carpet.

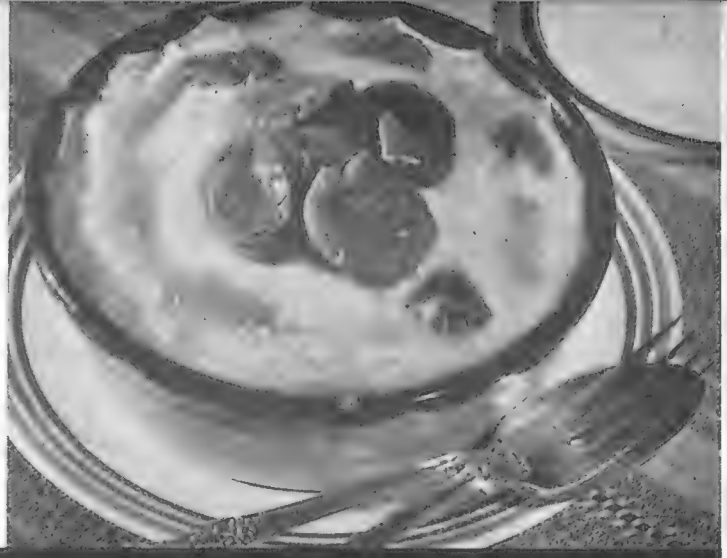
French blues and the faint grey-blue shades are lovely with petunia and cerise. Shrill colours, like the last two named, must be used for sharp accents, not in a mass.

The most general tendency is to use conventional colours and combinations of colour. There is nothing against these, but they are better when combined with colours less commonplace.

If you want to be successful in building up exciting colour effects get away from the old standbys and avoid the shriller colours, except for sudden accents. Give your imagination rein, because this is the time you can forget convention.

SIMPLE COTTAGE SCHEME FOR A SMALL BEDROOM WITH WALLS AND WOODWORK OF GLOSSY WHITE PAINT. CURTAINS AND VALANCE ARE CHINTZ, PRINTED WITH A BRIGHT RED AND GREEN POSY DESIGN ON A WHITE BACKGROUND. THE BEDSPREAD HAS A CHINTZ TOP WITH A PLAIN RED VALANCE. THE FITTED CARPET IS CLEAR GREEN.

PEACH, PRUNE AND DEEP APRICOT MAKE A DELECTABLE COMBINATION. THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM ARE PEACH. ONE CHAIR IS UPHOLSTERED WITH PRUNE GLAZED CHINTZ PIPED WITH APRICOT. ANOTHER HAS FIGURED CHINTZ IN THE SAME COMBINATION. FURTHER INTEREST COMES FROM THE PAINTING AND A COLLECTION OF CHINA.



Sweets With Dried Fruit

APPLE RING OMELET

Melt 2 oz. of margarine, add to it 1½ cupfuls of apple rings, cover with a lid, and leave over a low fire for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, mix 3 oz. of flour with 3 reconstituted, and beaten up, dried eggs, 1 heaped tablespoonful of sugar, ¾ cupful of milk, and 2 teaspoonfuls of rum essence. Pour half the mixture into a fire-proof dish containing 1 dessertspoonful of melted lard, cover with the apple rings and add the remaining omelet mixture. Leave for 20 minutes in a low oven.

ARAB FLAT CAKE

Boil ½ cupful of rice in water for 5 minutes; strain, and wash in plenty of cold water. Pour the rice into 2 cupfuls of boiling milk, add 1 oz. of sugar, and leave to simmer until all the milk has been absorbed. Let cool. Next, pass through the mincer ½ lb. of dates and mix with 2 oz. of creamed margarine. Divide

the rice in two, cover the bottom of a greased baking tin with half, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon, spread over the fruit, and cover with the rest of the rice. Place a piece of grease-proof paper over the whole, and leave in a medium oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold and with or without golden syrup.

RAISIN ROLL

Rub 2 oz. of lard in 4 oz. of flour, add a pinch of salt and enough water to make a stiff dough. Knead well, roll out on a floured board as thinly as possible, and sprinkle with an equal quantity of breadcrumbs and raisins moistened with a little milk (½ cupful of breadcrumbs and ½ of raisins should be about right). Fold in the ends, and then roll up the pastry tightly, tie it in a clean cloth, and steam for 1½ hours.

It is best served hot with either golden syrup or a vanilla sauce.

FIG PUDDING

Reconstitute 3 dried eggs, and beat thoroughly with 3 oz. of sugar. Mix in 3 oz. of flour, ½ cupful of milk, 2 oz. of melted margarine, and, finally, 6 oz. of chopped figs. Steam for 1½ hours and serve hot with a custard sauce.

APRICOT SANDWICH

Soak 1 cupful of dried apricots for 2 hours; using the same water, boil until tender. Strain, chop the fruit, and mix with enough golden syrup to give the consistency of jam. Bring 4 cupfuls of milk to the boil, add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour in, while stirring, 1 cupful of semolina and boil for 10 minutes. Remove from the flame, and mix with 2 reconstituted, and beaten up, dried eggs. Arrange in a greased fire-proof dish alternate layers of apricot and semolina, leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes, and serve hot or cold as preferred.

1944 TRIFLE

Cream 2 oz. of margarine with 2 of sugar; add 1 reconstituted dried egg, 2 oz. of sieved flour, and 2 teaspoonfuls of orange essence. Mix well, and spread the mixture ¼ in. thick over the bottom of a baking tin (floured). Leave for 20 minutes in a medium oven. Cut into sixteen small fingers, and when cold remove the pieces. Arrange in a glass dish, sprinkle liberally with sultanas, and cover with a custard sauce. Serve very cold if possible.

SOUTHERN CAKES

This recipe is intended to use up all the odd scraps of dried fruits you have collected over a long period, so the quantities given here must be amended to suit what you have in the larder.

Pass through the mincer ½ cupful of figs, ½ of sultanas, ½ of dates, and ½ of boiled, stoned, prunes. Mix well, form into several flat cakes, sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs, and fry lightly on both sides. With these serve a thick sauce by mixing 2 reconstituted dried eggs with 2 level tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 heaped tablespoonful of sugar, and ¾ pint of milk. Strain before bringing to the boil. When thick, remove, let cool, and add, to taste, any flavoured essence you prefer.

APRICOT MOULD

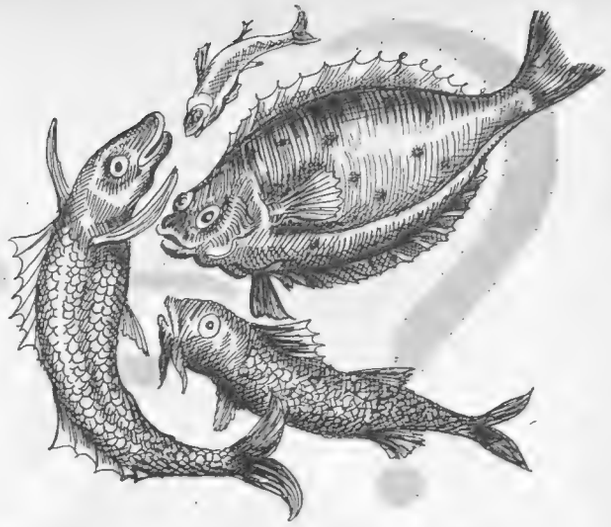
Boil three cupfuls of dried apricots until soft; keep back three-quarters of a pint of the water and dissolve in it two level tablespoonfuls of gelatine. Pass the fruit through a fine sieve and mix the pulp, sweetened to taste, with the gelatine and water. Pour the whole into a mould, and when set turn out and serve very cold. Garnish with one or two apricots if available.

PRUNE CHARLOTTE

Boil, until quite soft, then stone and pass through the mincer enough prunes to fill four large-size teacups. Add one tablespoonful of golden syrup to the fruit and place the mixture in a cake tin which has already been lined (bottom and sides) with crustless pieces of bread, half an inch wide and of about the same thickness, dipped in melted margarine. Leave in a medium oven until the bread is nicely browned (30-40 minutes). Turn out and serve hot, or cold, as preferred.

Do they Fancy

By Harriet Muir



ROCK EEL SOUP

Put into boiling water 1½ lb. of rock eel, 1 large carrot, 1 leek, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped herbs, ¼ lb. of shelled shrimps, 2 potatoes, and let boil for 1 hour. Pass the fish and vegetables through a sieve and season to taste with salt, pepper, and curry powder.

HERRINGS—AUSTRIAN METHOD

Bone, and break into small pieces, 2 large fresh herrings. Boil, without peeling, 2 lb. of potatoes until tender; strain, peel, cut into thin slices, and arrange in a fire-proof dish 1 layer of potato, 1 layer of herring, and another of potato. Cover each layer with 1 tablespoonful of white sauce and margarine shavings. Brown in a medium oven for ½ hour.

HEALTH SALAD

Cover ½ lb. of cod, or other seasonable fish, with cold, salted water; bring to the boil and leave simmering for 10 minutes. Strain off, keeping back 1 cupful of the liquid. Chop 1 large celery heart and enough cooked beetroot to fill half a breakfast cup. Skin and bone the fish, flake it, and mix all the ingredients together with the following dressing :—

Stir slowly into the cupful of fish stock 1 dessertspoonful of flour; bring to the boil, and when thick remove from the flame and add 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar, a dash of paprika, and a teaspoonful of sugar.

FISH PUDDING

Buy ¾ lb. of cod's liver or herring roes (should neither be available choose a nice fresh mackerel) and separate it into small pieces. Soak 1 piece of crustless bread in milk, squeeze it out, and mix it with 1 chopped raw onion, 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs, salt, pepper, and 1 tablespoonful of creamed margarine. Add the fish and 2 reconstituted and beaten up dried eggs. Tie the mixture in a cloth and boil for ¾ hour in salted water. Serve with an anchovy sauce (white sauce made with the fish water instead of milk, to which anchovy essence has been added to taste).

BEDDED CARP

Scald 1 medium-sized chopped cabbage; grease a fire-proof dish and cover the bottom with the cabbage. Lay the carp, whole, in its bed of greens, pour over 1 cupful of vegetable stock and 1 dessertspoonful of lard, and leave in a medium oven for 1 hour until the cabbage is nicely tender. Remove the scaly skin before serving.

SURPRISE PACKET

If you can get them, choose soles for this dish, but as they are a rarity nowadays, you will probably have to make do with plaice or some other smooth fish which fillets nicely. Allow 1 large, or 2 small, fillets per person, and leave the skin on one side only. Fry in 1 oz. of lard, 4 tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, and, when brown, add 3 tablespoonfuls of picked shrimps and 2 of breadcrumbs. Mix well whilst adding ½ cupful of milk. Season to taste. Roll each fillet round a lump of this mixture, tie with string, and fry the "packets" in a little margarine or lard.

SALT COD FISH CAKES

Here is a Ministry of Food recipe made with the salt cod you see in all fishmongers' shops. It must be soaked for 24 hours before it is cooked.

½ lb. soaked salt cod, cooked and flaked; ½ lb. of mashed potatoes; 1 onion, chopped; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; pepper; a few drops of vinegar.

Mix all the ingredients together, form into cakes, dip in reconstituted egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat, or bake in the oven, when no extra fat is needed.

SCARLET GONDOLA. Peel, and scoop out, 4 large or 8 small beets, and arrange in a greased fire-proof dish. Fill with the following mixture: Grate enough cheese to fill ½ cup, and mix with half its quantity of flour and 2 beaten up, reconstituted, dried eggs. Cover with margarine shavings and leave the beets in a medium oven for 15 minutes. Most amusing shapes can be carved out of beetroot, and it is a good idea to make each one different before filling.

KOLDUNY. Rub 1 oz. of margarine in ½ lb. of flour; add a pinch of salt, 1 reconstituted dried egg, and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thinly. Cut into squares, place in the centre of each square a little heap of any left-overs of meat, minced and fried, with 1 chopped onion, fold the pastry cornerwise, and press the edges together with wet fingers. Drop each triangle into boiling, salted water, and leave for 10 minutes. Serve with a little melted margarine.

THEY GET YOUNGER

THE FAMILY ALBUM SHOWS US WOMEN OF A TRANQUIL TIME, THE WOMEN OF AN AGE WHEN MORE SECURITY AND LESS RESPONSIBILITY WERE THE BACKGROUNDS OF ALL BUT THE MOST UNFORTUNATE, YET THESE ADVANTAGES APPEAR TO HAVE MADE THEM MATURE AT TWENTY-ONE, MATRONLY AT 30, ELDERLY AT 40.

THE ever young mature woman of this time and age is an eternally fascinating topic of escapist conversation. How does she do it? Is it the effect of tailored hair styling, cunning cut of clothes, awareness of beauty care, clever make-up? It is a little of all these things perhaps, but they do not tell the whole story.

Look at any average woman in her middle thirties, even her early forties, and see how she compares with family album photographs of contemporaries of twenty or thirty years back.

The woman of to-day is triumphantly younger looking.

Women do not have an easier time. Anxiety and responsibilities are considered to be ageing. We have plenty. Hard work and insecurity could be named as a militant force against youth.

Yet any of the 1944 women whose photographs we show—and they are typical of their age—would pass as the younger sisters of their contemporaries of thirty or forty years back.

Health is a significant factor. It accounts, in the long run, for the slim figure, the good carriage and the fine clear skin which is the pride of any self-respecting woman to-day. She works to this end intelligently and consistently by daily attention to diet and exercise, a daily unremitting care of her skin. Her neatness and her grooming are thoughtfully calculated to enhance every good point. But the real secret of her advantage lies in her new mental equipment. She has a zest for living, a searching interest in ideas and events, a self command which her mother and grandmother would have thought impossible.

Boredom, the surrender of her own individuality to supposedly stronger influences made our mothers old at thirty-five.

They sacrificed their contours and their health to motherhood, but their vitality was sapped by other means. Their interests were restricted, their mental capacity undeveloped.

We rejoice in our responsibilities. We reach out for further tasks and wider interests.

Our reward is in a renewed youth and the confidence that the middle years can be the years of fullest living.

YEARS SIT LIGHTLY UPON THE WOMEN OF EARLY MIDDLE AGE IN THESE MODERN PICTURES. THEY ARE NOT EXCEPTIONAL, BUT TYPICAL. THEY EXEMPLIFY THE WOMEN OF A GENERATION WHICH HAS ENDURED TWO WARS AND EMERGED FROM THEIR BITTER EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW POISE AND AN ENDURING CAPACITY FOR YOUTH.

'Celanese'
TRADE MARK
makes good use of Coupons

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

Western Empire. He sent messengers to Valentinian with a formal proposal of marriage and indicated the extent of the fabulous dowry he would expect with her in addition to the heritage of the Western Empire and the normal yearly tributes.

The message was ceremoniously worded, beginning: "Attila, my lord and yours, informs you . . . ." etc., etc. But he received in return the following curt reply: "The Princess Giusta Grata Onoria is already married to someone else. The empire of Rome can only be inherited by male descendants. Valentinian and his colleague of the East, Marcianus, have agreed to discontinue the payment of tribute. They will, however, send occasional presents on condition that Attila remains quiescent and within the bounds of his own territory."

The sequel was that other messengers were sent to Valentinian carrying the very ring given by Giusta Grata Onoria to Attila, thus endorsing his determination to marry her at any cost. Valentinian would add nothing to the reply he had already made. So the Hun leader, for the first time in his life, felt the stinging power of a snub.

The idea that there existed someone who dared to defy him was incredible to his biased brain. He had been challenged to come and get the woman he wanted, and he accepted the challenge.

The Romans tried hard to keep the wild beast quiet for a little while longer, in order to gain time to prepare their forces. So there were several exchanges of ambassadors. One of these took place at a time when a Hunnish festival was going on. Attila, pending the acquisition of the Roman princess, was beguiling the time by taking another wife to add to the already crowded harem. Determined to show his contempt for the morals of the Romans and the customs of the Christians, he had this time chosen to marry his own daughter, Esca.

The ceremony was followed by the departure of his huge army for the invasion of the Roman Empire. The force was one of incredible magnitude, for in addition to the soldiers there were also all their wives and families and slaves. It was an exodus of more than half a million people, on foot, on horseback, in carts and wagons of every description, together with their total possessions, war trophies and herds of cattle which were driven before them and constantly replenished by fresh stock looted from the countries through which they passed.

This avalanche of human beings and beasts crossed the Rhine at Strasbourg. The whole colossal enterprise was only possible to a people who from time immemorial had been accustomed to a nomad existence and the hardships of a primitive life.

They made for Orleans, but were, however, driven on to the plain of Chalon by the Roman Army under Actius, which was waiting for them. The battle that followed may be considered the last great fight won by the Romans. Over 250,000 lost their lives, and Attila was driven back to the Danube.

Whether the Roman armies had recaptured their former brilliance, or whether Attila was after all fit only for the lesser exploits of butchery and arson and could not stand up to a well-trained military power, we have no means of judging. But the fact remains that he suffered a huge defeat, and his marriage with the imperial princess had to be indefinitely postponed. But he had not given up the idea yet. He made up his mind to prepare a great marriage gift for her. It was to be no less than the city of Rome itself.

He recruited a fresh army and ravaged his way through the Alps, destroying *en route* the beautiful city of Aquileia.

By this time Attila had already earned his nickname of "the scourge of God"—of which he was very proud.

When he reached Pescara, on the lake of Garda, he obtained an interview with Pope Leo the Great. It was a momentous interview, for the pontiff was able to make the terrible invader change his plans, at any rate for the moment.

So the astonished world saw the miracle of the barbarians turning northwards again. Attila had readily seen that it would be easier to capture the princess at Constantinople by marching through territories of his own than by passing through hostile Italy.

He returned to his palace on the other side of the Danube. According to an eye witness it was a magnificent structure built entirely of wood. There for a time he put aside his warlike intentions in order to devote himself to the gentler pursuit of wooing. He had fallen in love with a beautiful barbarian girl called Ildico. He needed to be consoled for the frustration of his plans, so another marriage was to be celebrated.

The feast was incomparably lavish. All the guests ate and drank from gold and silver plate. Attila himself kept to his usual custom of eating from a wooden board on which he chopped up his food with a sharp knife. Instead of a beautiful goblet he used a wooden cup. Entertainers and musicians performed in front of the already besotted company.

The hour came when the bride must retire to be bathed and prepared for her nuptials. Retainers were ready to carry out their separate tasks. When she emerged from the steaming scented bath she was so beautiful that she could well have dispensed with further adornment.

Meanwhile Attila had had his wooden cup replenished too many times with the sparkling, heady wine, and he was lolling helpless across the table. Servants assisted him to his apartment to sleep a while before he called for his bride. The girl waited patiently hour after hour, but the summons never came. Nor was there any answer when the worried attendants knocked on his door.

Attila had died of a broken blood vessel. The monstrous champion of violence and cruelty had been killed in his turn by a tiny rupture within his own burly frame. The scourge of God had disappeared from a world that sighed with relief.

END

The Glory of Antiquity (*Continued from page 42*)

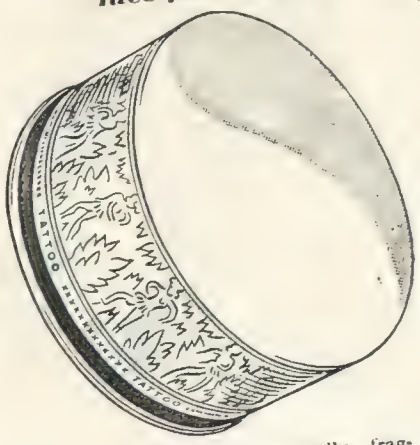
now-vanished Maison Dieu. It affords a pictorial version of outstanding Biblical scenes, and, like our ancient stained glass, it would play its own part in the religious education of citizens at a time when few could read.

Two large panels depict the "Judgement of Solomon" and the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," respectively. In the first panel the contrary emotions of the two women contestants, as Solomon "prepares" to cut the living child in two, makes the scene as realistic as though drawn from life. The "Miraculous Draught" is equally vivid, but here you are chiefly captivated, perhaps, by the fine rendering of the fish, the fishing-gear, and the soaring gulls. Below, four smaller panels deal with other scenes from the life of Christ.

In the reading room of Chetham's Hospital, Manchester, the fireplace is surmounted by an heraldic frieze (seventeenth century) stretching the full width of the room; Humphrey Chetham's arms are in the centre, and on either side there are cocks (vigilance), books (learning), pillars (strength), lamps (wisdom), and a pelican feeding her young (piety). That these emblems were not misplaced may be judged by the fact that Chetham, though wealthy, refused a knighthood and pursued his life work of caring for poor boys.

The Jacobean mantelpiece in one of the bedrooms at Bowling, or Bolling, Hall (now a museum), Bradford, is a remarkable piece of craftsmanship, with fluted pillars, carved cornice and two painted panels. Immediately above there is a plaster frieze picked out in colours and designed (*Continued on page 52*)

Peach-blossom youthfulness satin-textured, stay-on face powder by Tattoo!



Gossamer-light, smooth, exotically fragrant, it stays and stays . . . clings to you like a satin-textured second skin with a kissable never-before smoothness. Tattoo Powder gives a freshness of peach-blossom youthfulness, a transparent depth to your complexion which before you'd only dreamed of possessing . . . and, as hinted, it will stay till comes the dawn!

So lovely are complexions by

TATTOO

FACE POWDER

Four subtle shades, Nude • Flesh • Brunette • Native. In large box 4'1½ including tax. Also small size, 1'3 including tax.

Tattoo Ltd.

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"St. Martin 'CHUNKY' is as different as it is delicious, and while oranges are scarce public recognition of this make demand embarrassingly strong. Nobody longs more ardently than we for the day when there will be enough 'CHUNKY' again to give all marmalade connoisseurs as much as they want. Until then the best endeavours of our distributors and ourselves will be employed in apportioning restricted supplies with scrupulous fairness. So keep trying, keep enquiring — 'CHUNKY' is worth an effort."

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Ely, Horsted Keynes.

PYORRHOEA!
4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected lead to gum disease (Pyorrhœa). Daily use of Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether.

Thousands of dentists recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice with its special anti-gum-infection ingredients. Don't let pyorrhœa claim *you* as a victim. Guard against it *now*—before it is too late! See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the special ingredient to prevent gum infection

"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"..

Health is Wealth

Regard health as a treasured possession. Care for it and maintain it in times of stress with Phosferine Tonic Wine—a beverage that will do you good.

PHOSFERINE
TONIC WINE

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Stores. Large size 9/6.

with a leaf pattern and some grotesque dragons.

It was in this room that the Earl of Newcastle slept after capturing Bradford for the king, during the Civil Wars. As a reprisal for the town's stiff resistance, he commanded that every man, woman and child should be put to the sword next morning. That night, however, a ghost is said to have appeared at his bedside, crying woefully: "Pity poor Bradford; pity poor Bradford." Did a ray of moonlight give momentary life and vigour to some of those grotesques on the fireplace, thus adding to his discomfiture? Who knows! But when dawn came he revoked his barbarous command.

The Glory of Antiquity

A number of our north-country fireplaces conceal "priest holes." An interesting one is to be seen in the armoury at Clarke Hall, near Wakefield. The entrance to the "hide" is through some panelling at the head of the staircase, and food was passed to the occupant through one of the fireplace panels which slides upwards. This movable panel, with its secret spring, was discovered some years ago by the present owner; he crawled through the aperture and found within two wine bottles of the Cromwellian period.

END

Prussian Portrait (*Continued from page 28*)

"Yes, that's just what I was thinking about as a matter of fact," said Hans. Then his heart leapt again suddenly. Over the girl's shoulder he could see the swing doors of the café. Four men were entering the place, four unmistakable identities.

"Look a bit pale, you do," commented the girl. "'Ad trouble?"

"Good heavens, no." Hans began to talk to the girl rapidly, about anything. Conscious both of her face close to his own and of the four men, who had fanned out now and were asking for identity cards at tables less than thirty feet away. He fingered the piece of pasteboard in his pocket lovingly. Well, they couldn't break *that* down, anyway. He had friends to back it up. And this girl, too—what a find, what a cover! Nobody could suspect a pair of young lovers. He squeezed the girl's hand gently. *He* didn't take risks with women, like the others—*he* used them.

His fingers were still on his identity card while he chattered. He would have liked to have a last look at it, just to make sure, but it would indeed seem a trifle odd. Conversation with his pretty neighbour was safer.

The plain-clothes men were approaching. Here was one of them at Hans's table.

"Have you your identity cards, please?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," said Hans producing his with a flourish while the girl still fumbled in her handbag.

Hans watched the plain-clothes man with confidence. Suddenly, something which he saw in the policeman's face made him blench.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked with assumed bravado. "Got the stamp on it all right, hasn't it?"

"Aye," said the plain-clothes man grimly. "It's got the stamp on *and* the number, and not badly done they are, either—but you forgot to fill in the name and address, young man."

END

Books: (*Continued from page 41*)

he writes, "who served in those early reed rafts, those ancient galleys, those tall windships which, in their stately time, gave way before steam, handed down to those who replaced them that common spirit which served them in their time." So it is a pageant of our most precious heritage that we review through the pen of a former Merchant Navy engineer officer.

BEFORE the great Soviet development Russia had a history which concerned more than Tsars, princes, courts, and campaigns. In "Russia Triumphant" (Faber, 15s.) Mr. George Sava traces the growth of the Russian people under two dominant influences—the Kiev one, autocratic; the Novgorod one, democratic. His approach is as real and sensible as J. R. Green's was to English history, and we understand better the Russian of to-day through the Russian of yesterday.

MR. MAURICE COLLIS needs no introduction as a master of Celestial lore. His "The Motherly and Auspicious" (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is a witty, ornate three-act play in thirteen scenes on the illustrious life of the Chinese Empress-Dowager Tzu Hsi who "bewitched the Celestial Court till its grandest figures crept about like wraiths, stammering and witless, and though twice or thrice in mortal danger from her enemies, eluded their grasp and died triumphant in her bed." Lives there a woman who would not covet such a role—omitting, perhaps, the ruthless scheming and blood-letting which went to its making? Its performance would require best part of a day, its cast a pantechnicon, but I have found it enchanting to read, and adore the Confucian commentator who comes on before each scene to whitewash this most elegantly murderous lady.

WOULD you delight in the splendours of seventeenth-eighteenth century Spain, when a mistress would grant her lover the most fantastic freedoms before she let him see her ankles, such favour being "a declaration of passion so violent as to frighten any casual gallant from the scene"; when grandees and their women wore spectacles as big as teacups, often as a reward for merit, and the Venetians, it was said, played a cruel trick on the Spanish State Council by presenting them with enormous ones which were powerful burning glasses? That is the background of Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith's "Alberoni" (Faber, 15s.), a study of the gardener's bell-ringer son who became cardinal, ruler, and connoisseur of international intrigue. The author, a master of his subject, writes a rich, fervent prose—not only with his pate, so to speak, but his Pater.

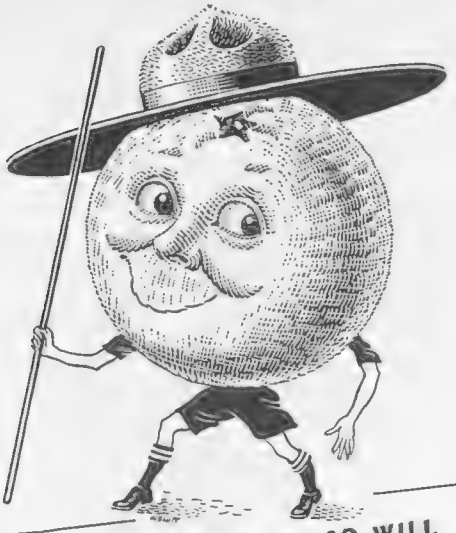
FIRST choice among novels this month, for its sure appeal to the widest tastes, is Mr. Joseph Shearing's "Airing in a Closed Carriage" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), founded on the Mrs. Maybrick murder trial of 1889. In psychological grip and Victorian background atmosphere it has the quality of "Gaslight," and should be as successful if dramatised and filmed for a villain of Raymond ("Murder Without Crime") Lovell calibre.

Those who recall with what passion they read "Under the Red Robe" in youth may renew their enthusiasm in Miss Taylor Caldwell's "The Arm and the Darkness" (Collins, 10s. 6d.), a teeming 512-page bionovel of Cardinal Richelieu and the Huguenot-Catholic conflict of that colourful France. The canvas is packed with characters; the action sweeping, dramatic; the dialogue picturesque if sometimes artificial. Absorption, escape from *now*? Here it is, for a week or two of haunting evenings.

"You can announce," Miss Eleanor Farjeon told her publisher, "'The Fair Venetian' a tale of mystery, crime and passion. It is my first and only crime novel and extravagant to a degree." Extravagant is the word when we encounter an explorer, attended by sun-worshipper and outsize cheetah, intent on slaying a temptress with his own hands; a Mayfair beauty in Loughi mask who offers jewels worth thousands for a mere trifle from a street-pedlar's tray. But don't blame Miss Farjeon; it is really the First Effort of an ingénue of fourteen, and—need we add of "The Fair Venetian" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.)?—a delicious burlesque. (*Continued on page 54*)

BE PREPARED

TO QUENCH THAT THIRST . . .



WHEN PEACE RETURNS . . . SO WILL

IDRIS

QUALITY SOFT DRINKS

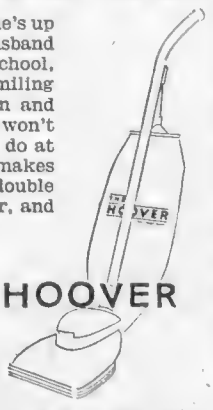
IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

BY APPOINTMENT

Cardigan suit and Alpaca pile Jigger coat from the Harella spring range. From fashion stores, or write to L. Harris Limited, (wholesale showrooms) 243 Regent Street, London, W.1

The Hand that held the Hoover winds the Coil!

Mrs. S. is on the morning shift this week, so she's up bright and early. Gets the breakfast, sees her husband off to work, takes her young son to Nursery school, then catches the bus and appears punctual and smiling for her morning's work. Lunch in the canteen and then the bus again for shopping (hoping there won't be queues!). There's also cleaning and dusting to do at home, but the Hoover she bought in Peacetime makes light this part of her day. It's a grand job, a double job that women like her are doing in this war, and richly they have earned this—

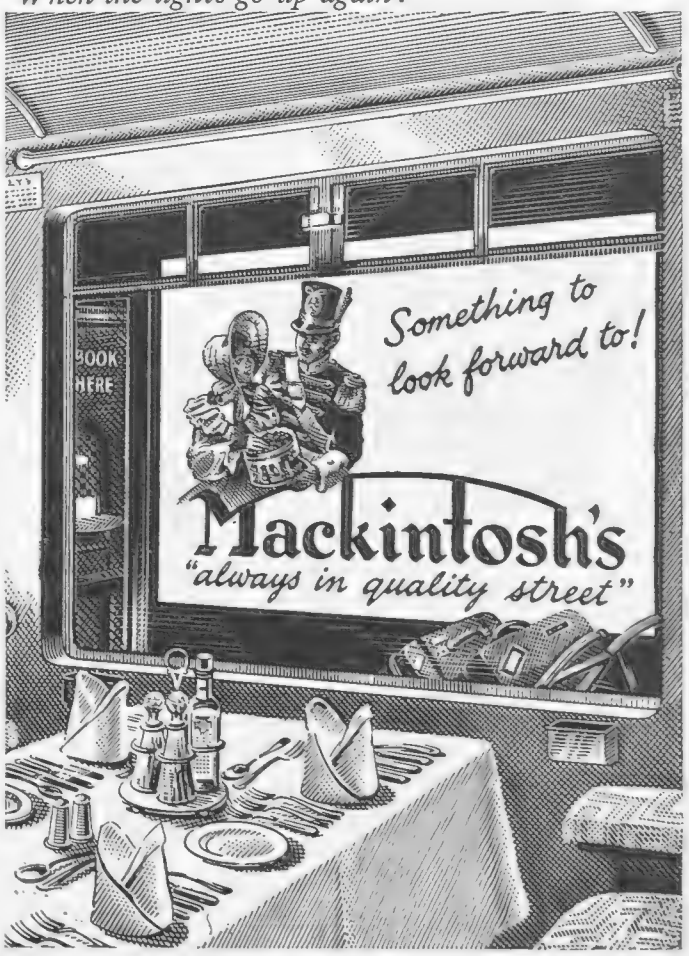


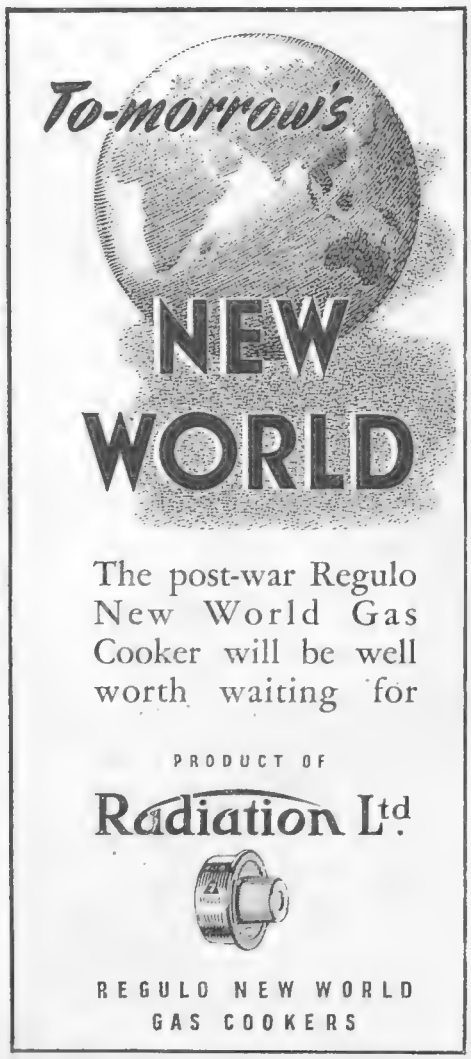
Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

"When the lights go up again!"




To-morrow's
NEW WORLD
The post-war Regulo New World Gas Cooker will be well worth waiting for
PRODUCT OF
Radiation Ltd
REGULO NEW WORLD GAS COOKERS

Miss Monica Dickens seems to have called up the spirit of ancestor Charles and pressed something of it into war service, for she writes lovingly of humble, humdrum people and contrives to make a hero of one who keeps rabbits for a hobby. Her folk in "The Fancy" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) mostly work in an aircraft factory and get their fun razzing the canteen management and dodging air raids. It's a real, human little world, the Backbone of Britain, counterpart—in woman's focus—of Mr. Priestley's war-work novel.

GESTAPO murders and spies make the pace of Mr. Garnett Weston's thriller, "Citizens—to Arms!" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). U.S. newsman Halsey in Berlin finds an important document on the body of a murdered Jap spy, and contrives to get it to a friend in America before he, in turn, is bumped off, saving his country from a dire fate. A charming girl, Frith, helps things along to an exciting climax.

Here is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"Winter Quarters" by Pamela Hunsford Johnson (Collins, 8s. 6d.). A novel about the battery of an anti-tank regiment quartered for the winter in a Kentish village.

"The Legion of the Lost" by John Creasey (John Long, 9s.). Another Dr. Palfrey novel of "inside Europe" adventures.

Books :

"Trust Doctor Morelle" by Ernest Dudley (John Long, 8s. 6d.). Some further adventures and crime and mystery from the doctor's secret case book.

"ATS Mystery" by Gilbert Conerack (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A detective novel in which Inspector McBride gets his man.

"A Robin in a Cage" by Ursula Bloom (Cassell & Co., 8s. 6d.). A strange and intriguing story.

"Curtain Mr. Greatheart" by Anne Meredith (Faber and Faber, 9s. 6d.). A novel of the life of a young curate and his wife.

"The Garden Club Murder" by Delia van Deusen (Selwyn and Blount). A crime story that conforms to the strict criterion of the best mystery technique.

"Stepping Stone to Peace" by Felix Langer (Lindsay Drummond, 10s. 6d.). A study of the German problem and some suggestions for finding a way out of the European catastrophe.

"Club for Girls" by Pearl Jephcott (Faber and Faber, 2s. 6d.). Notes for new helpers at clubs written at the request of the National Association of Girls' Clubs.

"Engines, Aunties and Others" by Emett of Punch (Faber and Faber, 5s.). A collection of the artist's work from Punch.

END

Women's Achievements in the Three Services

(*Continued from page 29*)

charges—to mention only a few of their capabilities; trained, in fact, to be electrical experts in general and expert as regards the care, upkeep and running of underwater weapons of war.

Then there are the Wrens who attend to the repairing and servicing of light coastal craft : the maintenance Wrens. This category involves such technicalities as the replacement of fittings when boats have suffered damage during active service : repairing engines, cleaning plugs (jobs that were done in the past by naval ratings), and the stripping, cleaning and reassembling of guns. Even such unfeminine—or so one would once have imagined—activities as the working of cranes in repair shops and the handling of molten metal in foundries where submarines are repaired.

NEXT we come to the ATS. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that searchlights are being completely manned by officers and auxiliaries of this service; that they are working on predictors and range-finders, in some cases not only replacing men but doing jobs that never *have* been done by men, so new are some of their functions on the operational side.

Their work in the Army Blood Supply Depot is astonishingly successful; run by the R.A.M.C., this—apart from officers—is manned ninety per cent by the ATS, who drive blood-transfusion teams and ambulances and work at testing blood, sterilising and bottling the plasma and even blowing glass laboratory fixtures.

In the Army Post Office, girls and women have taken over jobs which were formerly thought to be physically too heavy for them : the handling and mail-bagging of parcels and packets. They have qualified as capable amazons in another department as well—that of the bakery. Baking, as distinct from cake or pastry making, has never been a feminine occupation in civil life, but the ATS now takes a large share of actual bread-making, which is also heavy (and hot) work.

ATS officers are serving with the R.A.O.C. in technical appointments, after experience as N.C.O.s in ordnance depots, thereby releasing Army officers—one may imagine what high qualifications and what great responsibility such positions entail.

The work of this service in Signals is not only vital in maintaining the Army's lines of communication but, again, it frees men (those of the Royal Corps of Signals) for urgently needed field duties. The term "Signals" covers a lot of ground; it includes wireless and telegraph operators and all that such technicalities imply.

This category is one in which the WAAF has particularly proved its "replacement value." A certain number of WAAF officers, after an intensive course of training, have proved themselves so technically efficient at this type of work that they have been assigned to take the place of R.A.F. officers who were needed for more active duties.

They operate as unit signal officers at command or group headquarters, where they are responsible for the running of teleprinter and telephone services and the well-being of the personnel in their charge. They supervise all that goes on at signals centres; act as watch-keeping officers at operational units, where they are in direct contact with aircraft and are sometimes called upon to give instructions to redirect those actually in flight; and they qualify for staff appointments at the Air Ministry or headquarters units.

Airwomen (the correct name for "privates" in the WAAF) have made such a success of the job as flight mechanics that a number of them have been given advanced training in the making of spare parts and have now qualified as airframe and engine fitters. They service and maintain aircraft, tasks that are specialised in their very nature and that require much patience and efficiency. These WAAF fitters work at airfields everywhere and release airmen for flying duties.

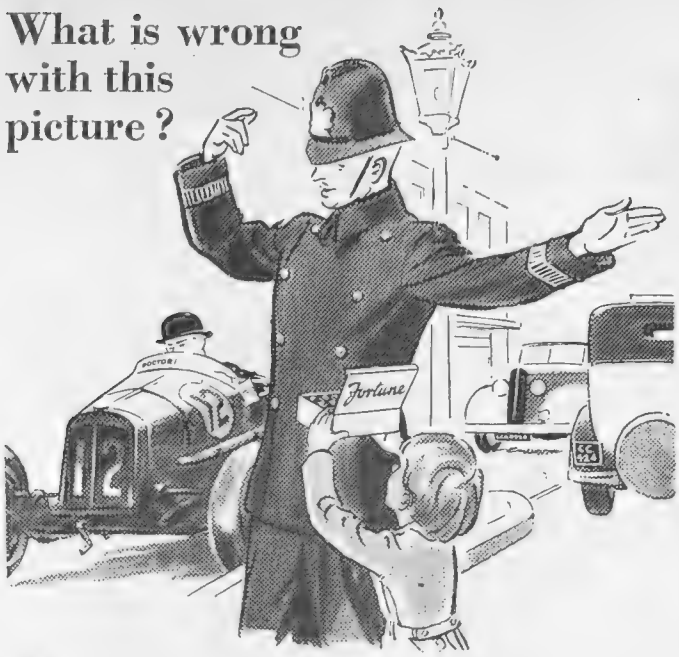
Instrument repairing (precision work as delicate as that required of a watchmaker or jeweller) is undertaken by WAAF airwomen.

At one time it would have been difficult to imagine that women could have successfully carried out any of the duties mentioned in this article, both from a physical and from a psychological point of view. The latter applies particularly, perhaps, to the posts so ably filled by certain WAAF intelligence officers—who assist at the interrogation of bomber crews when returning from large-scale raids. This, it can well be understood, is a duty that calls for accuracy, conciseness and a total absence of "fuss" : the cool, impersonal, quiet manner that used to be considered a purely masculine attribute!

END

|| The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

What is wrong with this picture?



OF all the "wrongs" here—and there are plenty, the most startling is to see that youngster offering FORTUNE chocolates to the policeman. A kindly thought—but impossible. Caley's, of course, aren't making FORTUNE for the present—*not until after the war.* It might have been different if Norwich Chocolate Blocks had been offered. Caley's *are* making them now.

Errors? There'll be trouble for this policeman allowing the doctor to run a racing car without mudguards, number plate or lamps. The traffic's in a real muddle too. And have you ever seen a policeman with TWO armlets, a cut down greatcoat and no identity marks on collar or shoulder?

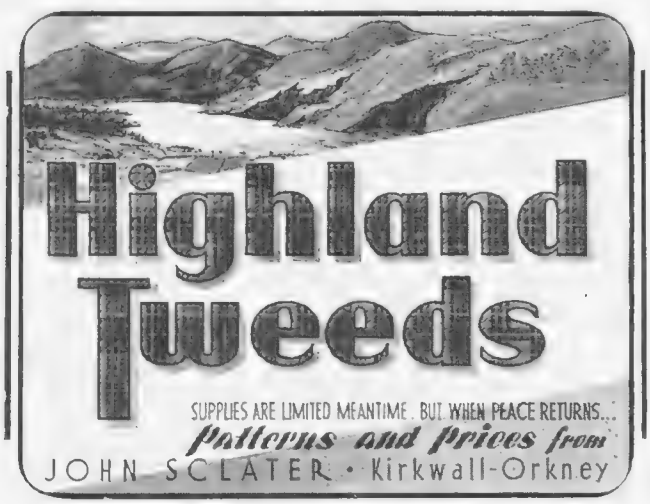
CALEY

Jennifer Graham

HANDMADE COSMETICS

Obtainable only at Leading Stores

SANDORA LTD., Waxwell Farm House, Pinner, Middlesex



"Oven-fresh at three months old."

That is what tests have proved M & D Oval Marie Biscuits to be, and that's what you'd expect of the products of Meredith and Drew, who have been making high-class Biscuits for 114 years. We know you like M & D Digestives. Now we want to introduce you to M & D Oval Marie: you'll like them quite as much. They're made from the finest ingredients available — and you get 70 to the pound: grand value for points!

Owing to zoning regulations, M & D Biscuits are not on sale in all parts of the country. Even where zoning regulations do not apply, M & D Biscuits may be in short supply or difficult to obtain, owing to increased demands for the Forces and the necessity to build up food reserves.

MEREDITH & DREW

MEREDITH & DREW LTD., ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, LEICESTERSHIRE

Traditional quality

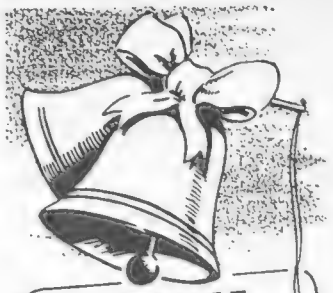
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR



TO THOSE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED

"MOTHER, I wish I could buy blankets like your Moderna."

And so you will, if you purchase only the bare essentials during war-time and save up to buy the things you cannot get till after the war. Your savings will help the war to end more quickly and make a nest-egg you'll enjoy to spend!

There'll be plenty of lambs after the war to give their wool for "MODERNA" Blankets — just as soon as government regulations let us use it.

Meanwhile, we take a pride in making blankets as good as they can be made with the materials at our disposal.

"MODERNA" Blankets can only be supplied through the retail Shops and Stores.

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd. MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

"Correct Fitting for all School Ages"

"Birthday" CHILDREN'S SHOES

Stocked by H·E·RANDALL LTD.

DISCREETLY DIFFERENT

. . is the girl who wears TANGEE. Your favourite peace-time lipstick — Natural or Theatrical Red — is available in handy battledress size. From your N.A.A.F.I. canteen, chemist or store.

TANGEE 10d BATTLEDRESS SIZE

Lipstick refills in Tangee Natural and Theatrical Red, available in med. and large sizes 2/1 and 5/10

Paricutín

(*Continued from page 25*)

christened, after the dead village it overwhelmed—continues to shoot masses of sand, lava and other volcanic débris over the countryside. According to the calculations of engineers and geologists Paricutín has been ejecting an average of over ten million tons a day.

In a few days the young volcano had built itself up 150 feet above the level of the field where it was born. Two months later it was 800 feet high and a little later still it towered 1,200 feet above the plain and was three-quarters of a mile wide at its base. These figures are eloquent of the tremendous masses of material which Paricutín has thrown up.

Paricutín is thus added to the 400-odd volcanoes already active in the world. In addition there are several thousand more which are dormant or have become extinct within comparatively recent times.

Volcanoes are formed by the bursting through the earth's crust of liquid rock which has become superheated in the earth's underground furnaces. Professor Willard H. Parsons thus describes the process: "This molten material rises toward the surface along cracks and weak zones, dissolving and fusing its way. If the liquid rock reaches the surface before it freezes, a volcano is formed."

Incidentally, Professor Parsons points out that it is not strictly accurate to speak of volcanoes "belching out fire and smoke." The "fire" is the reflection of glowing lava from clouds overhead and the "smoke" is condensing steam and gases impregnated with dust. But in the case of Paricutín there does appear to have been the additional light from high-flung molten rocks.

In addition to volcanoes which make, or have made, their appearance on land, others are formed beneath the seas. Mariners sometimes see columns of gases bubbling up from the ocean depths and these are almost certainly the result of submarine volcanic activity. Moreover, new islands sometimes appear, built up by volcanic forces operating from the ocean bed. In 1796 in the Bering Sea the Bogoslof volcano appeared and has since built up an island which is 2,500 feet above sea level.

Sometimes a volcanic island will materially change its shape as a result of another eruption. This happened in the case of Krakatoa, which lies in the Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra. In 1883 a colossal explosion took place on Krakatoa and it was estimated that a whole cubic mile of volcanic matter was hurled seventeen miles into the air.

END

The Women Behind the Men

(*Continued from page 13*)

Rabelaisian bachelor life, which could not be shared by the head of the State, even if the Fuehrer's tastes ran that way, and they did not; and Ribbentrop, Hitler's foreign-policy man, was married to the German champagne king's daughter, a thin, dark, bitter woman, whom Hitler disliked. The role of First Lady of the Land was open.

Magda tried to fill it. Courted as the woman behind Goebbels, she sought to become the woman behind Hitler. Ostensibly, she seemed to achieve some success. Hitler would make the Goebbels' Reichstagplatz apartment his home and conference headquarters during his Berlin visits. Magda kept a chef who knew how to concoct for the Fuehrer the elaborate vegetarian dishes he liked. She gave him music, the company of her four well-mannered children, the luxurious atmosphere of domesticity with none of the irksome ties and responsibilities.

She even tried to play the Pompadour and provide him with a woman, wife or mistress, bringing the prettiest girls in Berlin to meet him. But she told her old friend, Ludecke, visiting her one day, that it was no good—the great man, left alone with the lovely creatures, merely chatted, or fell silent.

Then as power and riches corrupted him further, husband Josef sought his pleasures outside his home; he got involved in a scandal over a film actress, a married woman; and Hitler stopped going to the Goebbels' home. Goering then acquired a presentable second wife, a big, buxom Brunhilda of a woman, a former actress, and so established a respectable household. Seeing nothing now of Hitler, and little of her husband, ignored by the Goerings and Ribbentrops, the once-powerful Magda dropped into oblivion as completely as a stage "morning glory."

ELENA LUPESCU has had a longer and steadier run, although on a different and smaller stage. She was a slim and rather vivacious young beauty when Carol started going around with her, back in 1925. Now, she is a rather fleshy woman in the forties, with well-groomed face and hair, fine, narrowed eyes, and a noticeably solid jaw. Over the years Carol has lost his spectacular mother by death, his wife by divorce, his kingdom by mismanagement (twice), and most of the world's respect. But Lupescu is still with him.

Long before the Hitlerian crisis, Carol's kingdom split on the rock of that tenacious, immovable, implacable woman. He declined to send her away. They left, together. After some years, the political factions got in such a tangle that Maniu, the peasant leader, said Carol was the lesser of two evils—the other being strong-armed fascist rule—and built a bridge for his return. He thought Carol would drop his lady. A miscalculation. Back in his royal palace in Bucharest, Carol dropped Maniu and sent for Lupescu.

She is Jewish. This was unfortunate for Hitler and the Iron Guard. For with anti-Semitism as a sacred dogma, neither the Nazis nor their Rumanian adherents, organised by Codreanu, could get by Carol, guided backstage by a Lupescu who well knew what her fate would be if ever a government were installed whose head man proceeded to put anti-Semites in the key police and army posts. She had no intention of being garrotted by her guard, bombed or shot by a terrorist whom the police would not be able to find, or dying prematurely through some such sad accident as falling downstairs or slipping up in her bathtub.

When the Iron Guard got too hot, Carol rounded them up and jailed the leaders. Hitler requested the release of these men when Carol visited him at Berchtesgaden in the 1938 autumnal pause between the annexation of Austria and the rape of Prague. What could Carol do? Codreanu was a standing menace. Back in Bucharest, the king had a session with Lupescu in her guarded villa. Next day Codreanu and his chief henchmen fell riddled with machine gun bullets "while trying to escape."

A lady of resource, Lupescu.

If Carol returns for the third time, Lupescu will repack and leave with him, Pekes and all. And Carol will continue to act on her counsel, as Louis XV did on Madame de Pompadour's, and Louis XIV on Madame de Maintenon's.

IT seems a long call from the Mei-lings, the Magdas, and the Lupescus, to the secretaries—even those who marry a boss who cannot get along without them. But they claim a corner of the picture. Glance at two.

Bound for India, the late Lord Reading acquired a new secretary, a tall, dark-eyed, good-looking girl of Huguenot descent. He was so busy he needed a second brain, a second energy: he found both—a sort of second shift—in his secretary. Finding she had intellect, judgment, great work power, he left more and more important personal work to this second self. She would draft his speeches, working up the important points. She would work (*Continued on page 58*)

HUMBER

In war as in peace

the choice of experience . . .

(Official Photograph)

Humber Armoured Car, with its Super Snipe engine, in a battle zone.

ROOTES GROUP

ROOTES SECURITIES LTD

Horrockses

Regd

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS
SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS
UTILITY FABRICS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

MOTHER, DO THIS *for* FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

No stoking.. just soaking

The save fuel way to snow white loveliness

No wasteful coppers of hot water, no extravagant boiler fires which eat up fuel. We can't afford them these times when fuel economy is so vitally essential. And they aren't necessary, anyway. Long and faithful guardian of pure and gleaming white linens and cottons, Parozone is now doubly useful, for it requires COLD water only to achieve its brilliant snow white result.

Dont't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us please . . . we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

PAROZONE

PAROZONE *for* MUSTARD GAS. *Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.*

HEAD OFFICE: Glasgow, and at London and Nottingham.

YOU may have had difficulty in getting 'SANATOGEN' Nerve Tonic in the past. We cannot guarantee that you will not have difficulty in the future. But 'SANATOGEN' *is* being made. Ask your chemist for it: even if he cannot supply you immediately, he will be getting his share of 'SANATOGEN' at regular intervals, and will see that you get *your* share.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark.
NERVE TONIC
In one size only—6/6d.
A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

30 × 30 only 2 Fold

Baby deserves the best! And when it's a question of Squares, the best are undoubtedly Harringtons—used and advised by Maternity Homes and Nurses as the lightest and most absorbent "nappies." No chafing or irritation. Easy to wash. Remember, too, Harringtons Square Protectors to prolong the life of your Squares, and Harringtons Baby Soap and Powder for baby's tender skin.

Harringtons Face and Bath Towels, Cot Pads, Feeders, Bibs, Washing Squares, etc., cannot be supplied at present as the Board of Trade will not allow us to use Hygienic Gauze for these lines.

Launder all Harringtons goods you are fortunate enough to have, with greatest care to make them last as long as possible—supplies are very limited to-day.

HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.
(late of Cheapside),
329 Brighton Road, South Croydon, Surrey
THE BEST FOR BABY

through the night, while he slept, to get an important piece of work on his desk at eight o'clock, when he needed it.

And so, after the death of his wife, the former Lord Chief Justice of England, Viceroy of India, Ambassador to America, married the young woman on whom he had come to rely so much that she had become the most important part of the life he had left, and he did not see how he could go on living and working without her. He died, but she still works tirelessly on—she is the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, the woman now behind the Women's Voluntary Services, an enormous organisation which she built from the ground up.

MARGUERITE ALICE LE HAND, "Missy" to her man, is President Roosevelt's second self. The President's astonishing health and vigour, after ten gruelling years in the White House—four usually exhaust a man, eight doom him—are largely due to this blue-eyed, good-looking woman. She saves

The Women Behind the Men

him strain by making the machine of his daily life run like a well-oiled machine.

Officially, she is his personal secretary. Actually, she is the general manager, agent and candid friend of the world's busiest man. She handles his accounts, buys his gifts, keeps all his private papers, writes his private letters, does his stamp and marine-print collecting for him, runs his Warm Springs house, takes the calls from the really important men who want to reach him, and acts as White House chatelaine when Mrs. Roosevelt is not around (the President's wife has travelled a quarter million miles in the last ten years, and is America's busiest woman).

Advisers come and go, the staff keep office hours, Eleanor Roosevelt travels around, but Missy le Hand is always there, at Roosevelt's side. She's been there a long time now—two years off a quarter century.

END

Pot Of Gold

(Continued from page 19)

long as it pleases you." Now that they had agreed to clear out of the port he could not do too much for them.

"Your knees have become cold," growled Yang, when the farmer had gone out to search for straw. He thumped his big chest angrily. "But I stay in Lan-chang until we have cured such cowards as these of their terrors."

Chen went on scrawling his arabesques in the dust. "My friend," he said gently, "words are but toys to the wise man. Our host is stricken with fear and we must treat him gently, like a wounded man." He got up suddenly. "Now, listen to my speech before your senses fade with slumber."

He talked to them in urgent whispers, and when he had finished Yang was hopping about excitedly from one foot to the other.

"A philosopher and a soldier," he chuckled.

Chen bowed, and his smile was subtle. But long after all the others were snoring heavily he still lay awake. The plan seemed good. The farmer had said that there were many Jap ships in the harbour, vessels that carried food and guns to the invader. A blow could surely be struck here! He recalled an incident that had occurred in Manchukuo some months previously. Several innocent-looking Chinese patriots had wandered near the railway station like pedlars, with buckets slung from their shoulders. Yet those buckets had contained, not cooked rice but hand-grenades, and a loaded troop train had been attacked as it puffed into the station. They might repeat the operation in the docks of Lan-chang, he mused. But, of course, all depended on the patriot who had weapons at his disposal and would surely have useful suggestions to offer.

Two days later he was bowling through the streets in a rickshaw and feeling none too comfortable. The farmer had provided him with the hated white armband, without which it would be unsafe to approach the house of Li-hao, who was certainly being closely watched by the Japs. Yet the quisling's armband which gave immunity burned into his flesh like a red-hot brand.

The rickshaw boy pulled up outside a rich house in the suburbs. He took the coins with a too low bow of obeisance and hate burned in his sunken eyes. Chen dismissed him with a shrug of contempt, aware that the gatekeepers were staring at him. Li-hao seemed to be a man of considerable means and fortunate that the Japs had not yet looted his home. He must also be clever, reflected Chen, to walk the tightrope between his patriot friends and the overlords of China. The gatekeepers, whose main function was to keep beggars away, admitted him grudgingly, after he had explained that he was Li-hao's nephew, newly arrived from the north. As he followed a servant across a thick carpet, one of the gatekeepers lurched clumsily against him. He was profuse with apology, but Chen knew that it had been no accident. The man had run skilful hands over the visitor's clothes, seeking hidden weapons. Li-hao seemed to be a suspicious man.

He was told to rest himself in a large library lined with richly bound books. While he thumbed lazily through a volume of ancient poetry he had the odd sensation that he was being watched. Perhaps Li-hao was studying this "cousin" of his through a peephole before deciding to admit him. Then he heard the rustle of satin and jerked round to face a young Chinese girl with a sad, sweet face.

They bowed gravely to each other. "You must forgive me, sir," she said timidly. "I did not know my father had a visitor."

He smiled and waved a hand at the tightly packed shelves.

"I ventured to trespass on your distinguished father's hospitality," he said smoothly, laying down the book. "And now I am happy to be interrupted in my studies."

She flicked him a tiny smile. He turned towards her and for the first time she saw the broad white armband with its Japanese characters. Her body seemed to stiffen. She went to the shelves and took a book at random. Her mouth had tightened. She jerked out a tiny bow and rustled angrily from the library.

"Please follow me, master," said a servant who had come in noiselessly. Chen was ushered into a smaller room, hung with lovely tapestries but looking curiously business-like. A finely carved desk stood in the middle of the room.

The man who greeted him with a deep bow and fingertips pressed together was tall and very thin. He had a long bony jaw and wore brass-rimmed spectacles which made his eyes look like pin points. They exchanged courtesies in the fashion of the Chinese upper class and Chen noted how he was being studied from top to toe. Chen began to grow restive under the other's scrutiny.

"These are hard days for China, master," he said quietly.

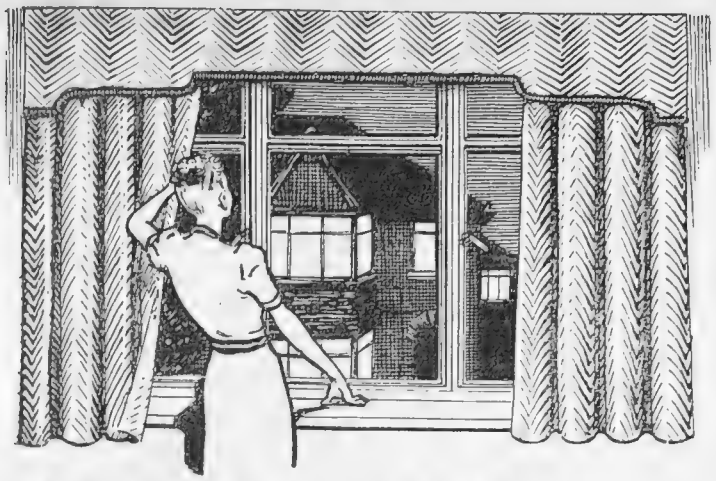
Li-hao's face seemed to close, and then the tight lips relaxed.

"I have little time to discuss politics, my young friend," he said, shaking his head. "Perhaps you would inform me of the reason for your masquerade as my nephew who, by the way, was killed in Nanking four years ago."

Chen drew a deep breath. "I have friends here in Lan-chang," he said tonelessly. For some reason this cold figure frightened him a little. "We need assistance." He was struggling for words which would be diplomatic, but the effort was too much. Suddenly he wrenched off the hateful armband and threw it on the desk. He half-wished that the girl was there to see it, a melodramatic gesture, perhaps, but it conveyed so much that would be lost in a skein of tangled words.

The merchant flickered his eyelids and prodded the armband with a sharp-bladed paper-knife.

"I understand," he said slowly. "You will appreciate, my friend, that Lan-chang is full of Jap agents. It is risky what you ask and I am a poor man." He gave a wry smile and flicked a lazy hand at the costly furniture. "These are a few things left to me. The Japanese have taken *(Continued on page 60)*



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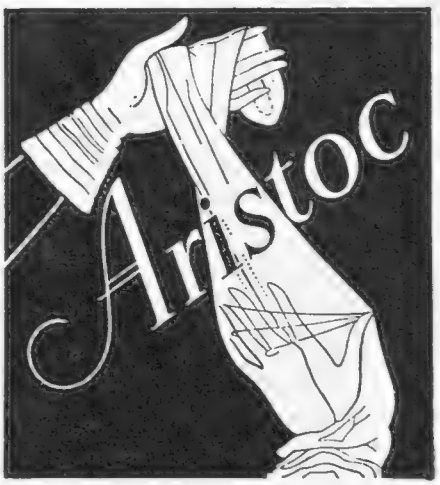

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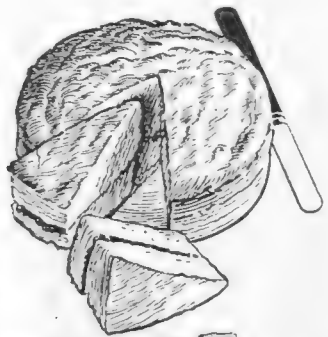

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everything. It is diplomatic to remain good friends, even with the devil—is that not so?"

Chen nodded automatically.

"We need weapons and food," he said earnestly.

Li-hao smiled faintly. "Yes, my friend, one cannot fight without food in the stomach and guns in the hand. It will be necessary for me to buy them from a patriot in the city. They will demand much gold, I fear, but one must do everything for China."

Chen felt a vein beating in his forehead. Of a sudden so much had become clear. Li-hao was playing both sides in this war: he sold arms to the patriots and then betrayed them to the Japs. He thought, with cold rage, of the twenty-six patriots who had been hanged after their tongues had been cut out. Doubtless this smooth-spoken merchant had played a role in that drama.

"We are not rich, master," he said, "but there are ways of finding gold in Lan-chang. To-morrow, at this hour, I or one of my men will bring it to you. You will, of course, have the guns and food ready for us."

For the next hour they discussed equipment, and Chen marvelled at the other's grasp of guerrilla requirements. This was obviously not the first time he had made a similar deal. From his point of view the procedure was simple enough. Having been paid for his services he would inform the Jap commander. A few days later the guerrilla party would be neatly ambushed and cut to pieces.

"You are a true friend of China," murmured Chen.

"I do all I can," said Li-hao in a voice free of irony. He picked up a small blue vase. "Take this vase, my friend, and return it to me to-morrow with two thousand dollars."

Chen bowed himself out and followed a servant down the staircase. He could not be sure but imagined that he heard the rustle of satin and the soft patter of slippered feet. He wondered idly why Li-hao's daughter was so interested in his departure.

Back at the farmhouse he ordered the farmer to go into the town and learn what he could. Then he put the blue vase on the floor. They sat cross-legged around it, waiting patiently for his news.

Yang stretched himself lazily. "We must slit this pig's throat," he announced in his deep voice.

"Better to rot his stomach with slow poison," said another. They argued for many hours while Chen tried to piece together a plan of action. Time and again his thoughts stole back to Li-hao's daughter and the way she had looked at his quisling's armband. That she was not of her father's mind became clearer to him every minute.

Towards nightfall the farmer came back. He was accompanied by a tall, stooping figure who looked familiar somehow.

"Greetings," said the stranger politely. And then, in a flash, Chen recalled him as the gatekeeper who had admitted him to Li-hao's mansion.

"My friends," said the stranger softly, "you would be wise to leave here at once. Li-hao has a thousand eyes. I have seen much in that house." A little sob broke from him. "He who drinks tea with Li-hao will soon be food for the vultures. My master is an evil man."

"And his daughter?" asked Chen gently.

The man seemed surprised by the question. "She is a flower, my lord, in a garden of weeds."

They talked in a desultory manner for a while until the visitor had gained more confidence. Chen drew him out with skilful questions, and what he learned made his blood quicken. Li-hao had many enemies in Lan-chang and was terrified of losing his treasure. Whenever a ship sailed from the harbour it carried cases of gold and rich ornaments which Li-hao did not wish to leave in Lan-chang. The Chinese forces were pressing steadily northward, and the time would soon come when American bombers might drop death on the harbour. Another load of treasure was leaving Li-hao's house on the morrow.

"A lorry will take all this treasure to the docks," said the gatekeeper. "The big ship in the harbour is going south to Bangkok.

There will be many Japanese pig soldiers aboard."

"Is there a hidden entrance to your master's house?" Chen demanded suddenly.

"A little gate leads to the garden at the side of the house," said the gatekeeper.

"It could be left unlocked, perhaps?"

Li-hao's servant began to tremble violently. "Master, I have children," he stammered. "I pray that you do not ask me to do this thing." He got up quickly but a hard push from Yang sent him sprawling. Yang took out his knife and eyed it thoughtfully.

"We shall not harm you, my friend," said Chen gently. "We must destroy Li-hao or lose our lives. To-morrow we fight again for China."

They talked long after the gatekeeper had gone, and dawn was cracking faintly before Chen rolled into a piece of sacking and went to sleep. The plan seemed good to him and he had a quiet certainty that the gatekeeper would not fail them. His only regret was the sacrifice of four of his men. They had to die, but there had been no regret in the faces of those who had drawn the unlucky lots. They would go to their ancestors with happy, proud hearts.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Yang rode to Li-hao's house in a rickshaw. He wore his Jap armband and carried the blue vase. A servant led him to Li-hao. Within the next few minutes four of Chen's men, dressed like coolies, slipped quietly through the side door leading into the garden. They were joined by the gatekeeper and three other servants for whose loyalty he could vouch. With knives concealed in their wide sleeves they went in search of the other servants.

Chen allowed a few minutes to pass before he himself opened the little garden door. He stole forward cautiously and paused to listen every few seconds or so. A whistle of warning would be blown by the gatekeeper if things went wrong. But there was no sound. He had reached the top of the staircase when a servant sidled from Li-hao's room carrying an empty tray. Li-hao would now be pouring tea with his subtle smile, Chen thought grimly. He slipped forward and knifed the servant just behind the ear. Then he made for the library.

"I am busy to-day, my young friend," Li-hao was saying. "Perhaps you would settle our little business transaction."

Yang managed a clumsy bow. He placed the vase on the table with a flourish.

"Two thousand dollars, master," he said smoothly. "But first you will tell me where the guns and food are to be handed to my friends."

Li-hao's brown wrinkled face creased into a dozen little smiles. "If you gaze from this window, my friend, you will see two Army lorries outside the gate. The first is going to the docks. The second with your supplies will follow the first for a short distance and then branch to the east. The driver has instructions to abandon it at a place named by your friend."

Yang bowed again. "Your word, master, is sufficient." He had noticed the two lorries when he entered the house. Li-hao leaned forward to reach for the vase, but Yang forestalled him.

"Allow me the honour, my lord," he said with a lazy smile. Li-hao jerked from his chair as Yang reached for his throat. He was babbling curses, prayers, threats, but Yang was still smiling as he squeezed the life out of him. "And this is a present for all traitors," he snapped, as he buried his knife into Li-hao's stomach. He went to the big cabinet in the corner and was stuffing his pockets with banknotes when Chen opened the door.

"We must hurry," he said briskly. "They are loading the lorries. All is well."

"You have killed the girl?" grunted Yang.

Chen smiled. "Does one kill a flower?" he said with a strange, secret smile. "She is coming with us to fight for China." He looked round the room and picked up the blue vase.

The four doomed men humped the heavy boxes into the first lorry while the Jap driver smoked a cigarette and scowled at them. He would have thrown (*Continued on page 62*)

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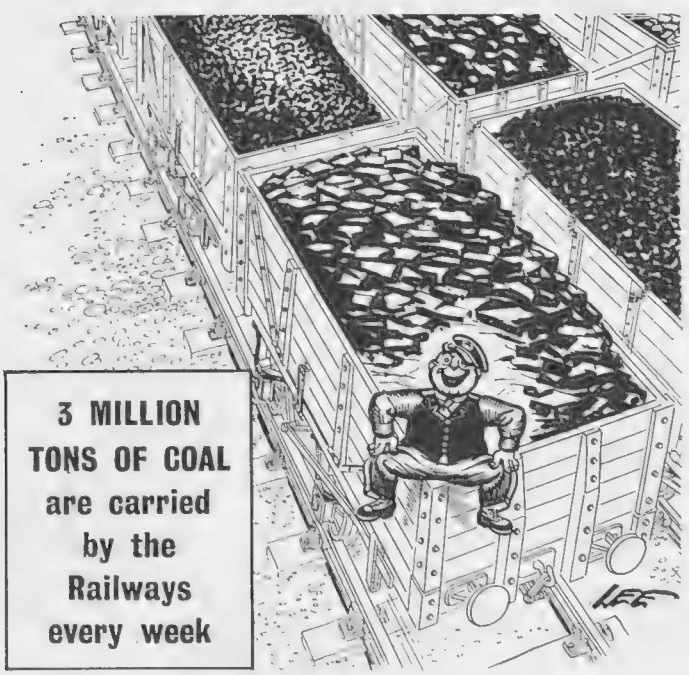

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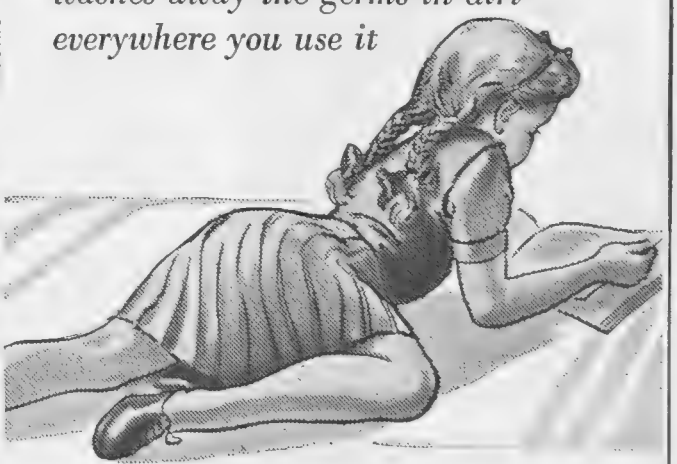

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away his cigarette in a hurry had he known that the boxes contained dynamite instead of Li-hao's treasure. Fortunately, he stubbed out the cigarette before he jumped into his seat.

Shortly afterwards the second lorry followed in the direction of the docks. Mei-tung sat on one of the boxes while Chen prised open another crate. Li-hao had kept his word; it was jammed with modern-type rifles. She watched Chen with a shy tenderness.

The first lorry arrived at the docks and went through the gates after the driver had shown the armed sentries a pass. The four men got down and humped the cases of dynamite with the patient resignation of coolies. But each lifted his eyes to the big ship and noted that hundreds of Jap soldiers were already aboard.

A few minutes later that ship was rocked by several deafening explosions. It was this terrific blast which had so startled the crew of the American submarine D75.

Chen and the others were still in the second lorry when they heard the thunderous bangs behind them. For a while nobody said anything. Chen was looking at Mei-tung with sad reflective eyes.

" You are leaving much, little flower, for the blood and dirt that lies before us," he said gravely, as the lorry crunched to a standstill. " No poetry, no carpets, no gold."

She jumped from the lorry and took the vase from him. Then she went on her knees, scooped up some earth from the road and filled the vase with it.

" This earth is our gold," she said simply.

END

Girl Adrift

(*Continued from page* 12)

"If it was simple it wouldn't amount to much," he said.

Abruptly he jerked a hand skyward. He turned and ran.

In a minute he was back with a sextant.

"How I need a shot!" he said. "We're supposed to be a certain distance astern of the convoy that's somewhere ahead—I hope."

He squinted up at the sun, turned a screw and forgot her.

"I'd love to figure out why that submarine came alongside before Benham does," she told herself.

But, of a sudden, she remembered the wrathful face of the chief engineer of the *Silver Prince* after the breakdown. The chief had been fairly raging.

She clutched at a thought. "Jensen could have caused that breakdown," she told herself. "Indications of somebody abusing or wrecking his engines would have made the chief red hot."

She looked at Peter Benham, working so earnestly with his sextant. She told him about the chief.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Don't bother me now."

"I won't," she flared. "Now or later! I'll furnish Captain MacCrummond with hypotheses of my own—good ones. You're much too busy with the minor details of a junior officer's job."

He wrenched his eye away from the eyepiece of his sextant and turned it on her. "Minor!" he said, with insufferable male exasperation. "Lady, for three days now we've been running a special sweep behind this convoy on dead reckoning alone and——"

She walked away. "Extreme conceit," she told herself.

Suddenly she felt a little hollow. "From now I'm on my own to prove to the captain that that ship was captured."

From the stubby masthead a seaman bawled suddenly.

The officer of the watch, at a murmur from MacCrummond, ducked his head. "Starboard thirty!" he said into a voice tube. "Revolutions one-eight-five. Steady!"

The corvette spun around, heeling sharply, and surged away on this new course. Lucy soon saw. They were approaching an oil slick, a huge expanse where that breaking grey sea was dead and flat. In this area and around the edges of it, wreckage and a lifeboat.

"Got one out o' your convoy, miss," said a signalman, beside her. He shook his head glumly. "And a quair thing that is. The convoy was well escorted. Very quair!"

She stood alone, watching, while tight-lipped men searched for survivors. They sighted none. Even the lifeboat was empty.

She waylaid Captain MacCrummond. He frowned, opened his mouth, looked at the gold bar on her shoulders and did not forbid her the bridge.

"Not the *Silver Prince*, lass," he said "A newer ship, by the look o' the gear afloat." With grey smouldering eyes puckered up under his thick eyebrows he studied the oil slick. "Sunk not long before daylight to-day. Survivors picked up."

In a rush of quick words she told him about the angry chief engineer and Jensen, who might have disabled the engines.

"After finding this I've decided to close the convoy," he said gravely. "I've a wish to sight the *Silver Prince*, lass, or know she's missing."

"She won't be there, captain," Lucy said.

He nodded non-committally and swung away from her.

"He still thinks I threw a catfit in a nightmare," she told herself miserably.

The *Dufferin* swung back on to her previous course.

Pete Benham came to Lucy once, obviously on orders.

"What was the *Silver Prince's* station, please?" he asked.

"Third from last, second column from the right."

Most of the men in the ship were keeping an eye on her. Their interest had a psychological rather than a romantic tinge. They were wondering if she were off her rocker—gone crackers. Well, they'd get their answer when they found no *Silver Prince* in that convoy ahead.

Only Haskell, nostalgically faithful to a genuine passenger, seemed wholly sure of her. She went below. Haskell was delighted. He brought coffee; he pampered her. He talked of the days when a ship was not a target.

The tensity that was in that corvette made Lucy return to the bridge as soon as she had set down her coffee cup.

The sea had smoothed out. They were closer to the convoy. And even closer to them rushed a destroyer, winking at them a light bright enough to make a mock of the fading sunlight. The *Dufferin's* own signalmen had been busy with their projector.

"Escort commander," Pete Benham said, reading the blinking light. "Says 'Permission granted.' He's given the old ma—the captain leave to investigate this *Silver Prince* business."

He slipped the strap and handed a pair of binoculars to Lucy. "Have a look," he said dryly. "You know your ship's station."

She took the glasses and swept a column of ships. She felt the blood running to her cheeks. She kept the binoculars up to shield her eyes. There, churning along in her accustomed place, was the *Silver Prince*. Even in this fading light she could not be mistaken.

She lowered the glasses. Pete Benham wasn't looking at her. That helped. He stretched out a hand and took the binoculars.

She turned blindly; then stopped. The signalman had aimed the signal projector at the *Silver Prince*. He was calling that ship.

Acutely aware of curious eyes she stood still, watching the signalman work the *Silver Prince*. There was a long pause when he finished.

At last the *Silver Prince* began winking. Waiting, Lucy felt very cold and very lonely. The signalman with the pad slowly pencilled the message. He took it, at a gesture, to Captain MacCrummond. The captain read it with a sober face.

Lucy went to him. He smiled at her.

"There, lass," he said, "a bad dream's a bad dream. We'll (*Continued on page* 64)

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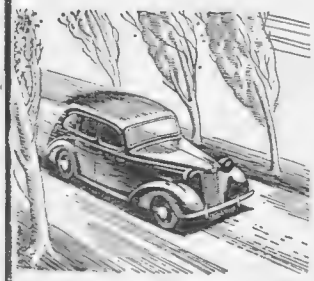

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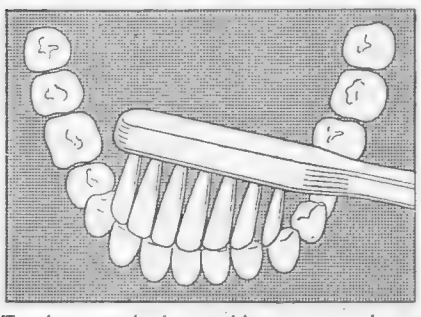

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T.13

get ye to port as safely, or better than that ship."

"Could—you tell me?" she asked.

He handed her the slip. Silently she read: "Woman jumped overboard last night. Suggest you keep her under protection."

"That's—not true," she said.

She handed back the message. She felt that all the eyes were pitying now. The scrawled words burned in her mind. She caught at a straw.

"Captain, those last four words—'keep her under protection,'" she said. "Isn't that regular hypocritical Nazi phrasing? Wouldn't you say 'keep her locked up'?"

"I might," said MacCrummond slowly.

"And Nazis might now be in control of that ship!"

Pete Benham was at the captain's shoulder, waiting politely but insistently. Lucy crinkled her forehead at him and walked away.

"He'll tell the captain that the lifeboat I said dropped at one end looks all right now," she told herself.

She clung stubbornly to the deck, shunning company and staring at the *Silver Prince* churning along in the column of ships. Slowly night took over the convoy. When the command to darken ship was given, Captain MacCrummond suggested that she go below.

"In the morning the bridge is yours again," he said. "This'll be a grand smooth night for you to sleep."

After an hour in Pete Benham's bare cabin she could stand it no longer. She shoved her life-saving suit into the bed and covered it with a blanket. Realistic enough. She crept past the empty wardroom and past Haskell making coffee in the pantry.

It was black on deck. The ship was alive with men. All these men astir meant something.

The *Dufferin* had dropped astern of the convoy. She could discern on the black horizon ahead some blacker blotches that were the trailing ships.

She looked up. Men were working on the bridge. In the murk she could just make out that they were building a narrow platform projecting beyond the starboard rail of the bridge, supporting it strongly.

"Get plenty of fenders out," somebody said.

Fenders? A ship used fenders when she went alongside a dock.

"Boarders away!" said another voice. "I never thought I'd hear that command in a corvette."

Lucy's heart thumped. She scrambled boldly up the bridge ladder and took refuge in the blackest shadows of the asdic house.

She had not long to wait. Men came tramping up on to the bridge—many men. She was surprised at the number of steel helmets that, one after the other, showed vaguely at the ladder head. The captain and then Pete spoke to them. Brief instructions. A few gruff assents.

The ship was throbbing more perceptibly under her feet. Or was it only the blood in her veins and the thump of her heart? No; the *Dufferin* was creeping ahead into the space between two columns of ships.

Captain MacCrummond had taken over the bridge. She heard his voice, low, controlled, giving orders through the voice tube to the helmsman down in the shuttered wheelhouse on the deck below.

Feeling the corvette rising and falling under her she knew it would be damaging, even dangerous, for two ships to come together. How then . . .

She saw the dark hull of a ship looming up close alongside. The *Dufferin* had suddenly sheered in. It happened so quickly that it shocked her. She heard a cry from the bridge of the taller ship.

"Let's go!" said Pete Benham. The men swirled around the house, across the deck and on to the new platform in a quick dark tide. How could they hope to scale that sheer side? But as that thought came the *Dufferin* gained on the other ship and she saw the freighter's low well deck, a vague gap in the blackness, draw level with the corvette's bridge.

"Boarders!" Pete cried. He jumped.

A dark wave of men surged after him. She heard the crackle of strained timbers and felt the ship sway under her. They were alongside. Feet were drumming on the freighter's steel deck. Her cold hands were clenched.

"Now!" she whispered, and ran with the last few men of the boarding party. Her leap carried her out into dreadful emptiness; then she landed painfully on the hard deck.

Above her, on the bridge ladder, Pete Benham was shouting something to the watch officer of the *Silver Prince*.

She did not wait to listen. She had her plan. She ran aft in the alleyway, past her own queerly familiar room to the ladder that descended into some unknown gloryhole where the Norwegian steward berthed.

She would get that steward, bring him up, make him tell Pete Benham why he had led her to that lifeboat. She gained lesser-known territory. No one was stirring.

The dim blue lights that burned inside the ship helped her along. Would it be this way? No; she remembered there was a thwartship passage and some sort of cargo port here.

She stopped dead. Her hurrying feet had brought her almost into a group of men—men working furiously beside that cargo port. A breath from the sea blew upon her. That steel door low in the ship's side was ajar. One blue light revealed what these men were doing. She saw a rough trough of stout yellow timbers, heavily braced, slanting sharply downward towards the cargo door. A long glinting torpedo swung beside it. An enormous thing, that torpedo, suspended inches above the steel deck plates, in the grip of a chain hoist. They were raising up that horrible thing to put it in the trough.

She turned, unseen, and sped away. Suddenly, a spatter of shots came from somewhere above. Then many shouts and cries of command. She had heard just such sounds the night before. She climbed up towards the noise, out on to the well deck and up, up to the bridge.

Somebody grabbed her by the shoulder and jammed a revolver butt at her stomach. "*Dufferin!*" she gasped and twisted away from a relaxing hand. Men were shoving others into the wheelhouse. She pushed in. A blue light was on there, too. Pete Benham was facing a bunch of sullen men. She recognised none of them.

"A torpedo!" she said to him, breathless.

"You!" He was aghast.

"A gang of them have got a torpedo down at a cargo port!"

He recovered fast. He jerked his pistol hand towards the prisoners, spoke a name and a *Dufferin* man took over that round-up.

"Show me," Pete said to her. "Bowers, Macfarlane, Kingsley, follow me."

She led the way.

Cold air came blowing as they neared the thwartship passage. Feeling it, Pete grabbed her by the shoulder and thrust her behind him. The other men of his party silently pushed past her.

A command from Pete Benham, rasped out harshly enough. A single, reverberating shot. The thud of a blow, perhaps from a rifle butt. A snarl and the jangle and clink of the chain hoist.

"Now, Jerry!" cried a *Dufferin* man. "Ho! That's better."

The cargo door clanged shut.

"Add 'em to the beauty contest," Pete said. "Macfarlane, stand by here till we release this ship's own men out of their pen."

He started her moving with an arm across her back. It was surprising how much she needed that arm. They followed the guards. He was shaking; it was laughter. But he hurried her along. "Delicate little—commando," he said. "Eats nails for breakfast."

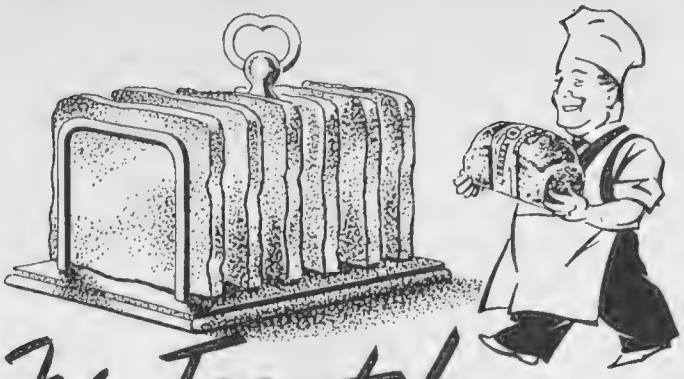
"Did I make you board her?"

"You did. That deduction from the 'under protection' slip——"

She wrenched his supporting arm away. "Now you're going insufferable again!" she warned. "Be fair! That alone wasn't enough!"

"Well, the forward tackle of that lifeboat was brand-new Manila," he said. "It showed up yellow as cornsilk in the glasses. You don't often reave one new tackle for a lifeboat."

(*Continued on page 66*)



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"That's better, but it still isn't the deciding clue. Tell me!"

"No clue!" His voice was grim. "Lady, often we stay months at sea, with the Atlantic kicking us in the face, and never a crack at a Nazi. Would we pass up the slimmest chance of closing with 'em? Even if you'd been as balmy as——" He cut that off.

They came out on the well deck.

"Oh!" she said. "That makes sense. They are U-boat men?"

"Yes, they're U-boat men," Pete said. "Half the crew and most of the tin fish from a submarine which is now tailing along safely somewhere beyond asdic range. And meanwhile these Nazis, snug inside the convoy, probably planned to pick off a couple of ships a night at close range. The asdic ratings in the escorts would be blowing their eardrums trying to hear the propeller of a submarine that wasn't there. Clever. But now we know where to hunt that submarine."

"You've got Jensen?"

"On the bridge. Wearing the mate's rig. With Jensen planted, the plan for a submarine to gobble her up was sure fire."

"When they'd used their torpedoes they'd break down again and let what was left of the convoy go on," Lucy said. "The submarine would pick them up, sink the *Silver Prince* and leave her crew to the boats if they were lucky."

"No use trying to explain anything to you," he said. "Except this," he added. His arm swept around her, tightened and turned her towards him. He bent and kissed her very hard. For just a moment she helped.

A gush of men showed up vaguely from the fo'c's'le entrance. Reluctantly he released her.

"I'll bring you across the Detroit River, Lucy, when this war is over."

Could he? This was absurd, of course. But sweet—very sweet!

"I've got to get moving." He spoke savagely. "But, Lucy, I'll be here dragging stray Nazis out of corners and taking war heads off torpedoes for an hour yet, although it isn't what I'd like to be doing."

It took less time than that. The *Silver Prince* crew professed themselves able and happy to round up any uncaptured Nazis. They meant it. Leaden-hearted, Lucy heard a megaphone hail the corvette.

Pete Benham marshalled his prisoners by the well deck. He advised them earnestly not to show any last-minute reluctance about boarding the corvette on the fly.

The *Dufferin* drew in. Closer and closer her vague bulk came, until Lucy could see the platform. It had been lowered half-way to the wheelhouse deck to make the return safer.

"Smartly, when ye come," MacCrummond's strong voice warned.

"Let's go—prisoners first!"

The Nazis, with a bit of coaxing, scrambled across.

The *Dufferin* rose lightly on a sea, ground against the freighter and then drew away. Pete's voice rang out, resonant, commanding: "All hands! With a rush! Jump!"

Spurred to quick action the *Dufferin* men went springing across. Lucy found it an easy leap. Last of all, as the two ships began to draw farther apart, Pete Benham followed. He blundered into Lucy. She had stopped dead, thunderstruck, on the *Dufferin's* deck.

"Oh!" said Lucy. She pressed her hands to her hot face. "Oh!"

She turned from his reaching hand and rushed to the bridge.

"Captain!" she said. "Captain! I'm—I'm not supposed to be in this ship! I—just crossed with the others—automatically somehow—as I did before. I—I must go back!"

There was a pause. Then Captain MacCrummond spoke firmly, decisively, in the darkness. "I'm sorry, lass. But I canna risk damage to my ship and to you by trying another landing for such a purpose. Ye'll just have to come along wi' us to your port—aye—an' make the best of it."

END

Contraband

(*Continued from page* 20)

perished at last by the headsman's axe. A contrast to the slavers' "black ivory" were the fragrant freights originally carried by the *Time* and the *Hellas*, both of which formerly earned a name for speed in the Mediterranean fruit trade. The latter put up a magnificent fight on one occasion against eight pirate junks, well equipped with muskets, grenades, and stinkpots. After a brisk hand-to-hand encounter, during which few of the *Hellas's* ship's company escaped unscathed, the attackers drew off foiled, and the little ship made Hong Kong in safety.

These piratical junks were one of the chief dangers with which the clippers had to contend. The chests of opium or their equivalent in dollars which they carried were an irresistible bait to these daring marauders with whom the China Seas swarmed, and any ship which had the ill-luck to run aground was likely enough to be picked as bare as a bone and her crew slaughtered to a man within a few hours.

Fair ships, bold seamen, skilful captains—all now are gone and most forgotten. Let the words of one of themselves serve as their epitaph:—

"The opium trade and its clippers were the advanced guard that paved the way for commerce in China."

END

Subtly Styled

(*Continued from page* 36)

CENTRE PANEL

Cast on 4 sts., k. 1, p. 1, k. 2. **2nd row.**—Cast on 2 sts., p. 1, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 1. **3rd row.**—K. 1, p, twice into next st., k. 2, p. twice into next st., k. 1. **4th row.**—P. 1, k. 1, k. twice into next st., p. 2, k. twice into next st. k. 1, p. 1. **5th row.**—K. 1, p. 2, p. twice into next st., k. 2, p. twice into next st., p. 2, k. 1. **6th row.**—P. 1, k. 3, k. twice into next st., p. 2, k. twice into next st., k. 3, p. 1. **7th row.**—K. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. twice into next st., k. 2, p. twice into next st., k. 1, p. 3, k. 1. **8th row.**—P. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1, k. twice into next st., p. 2, k. twice into next st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1. Now tie a piece of wool into 2 centre sts. to mark them. **9th row.**—* K. 1, p. 3; rep. from * to one st. before the 2 centre sts., p. twice into it, k. 2, p. twice into next st., p. 2, * k. 1, p. 3; rep. from * to end. **10th row.**—* P. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to one st. before the 2 centre sts., k. twice into next st., p. 2, k. twice into next st., * k. 3, p. 1; rep. from * to end of row.—**11th row.**—K. 1, p. 3; rep. from * to 1 st. before the 2 centre sts., p. twice into it, k. 2, p. twice into next st., * k. 1, p. 3; rep. from * to end.

12th row.—* P. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to 1 st. before the 2 centre sts., k. twice into next st., p. 2, k. twice into next st., k. 1, * p. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to end. Rep. from 9th row until there are 38 sts. Continue the patt., but k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row so that number of sts. remains at 38. Work until straight edges of this panel are equal to the side panels to which it is to be sewn, ending on 12th row. Now work 9th to 12th rows *without* the dec. at beg. and end of row, so that the work gets wider as at beginning, until there are 98 sts. Now work straight in the rib with no inc. on half the sts. (49) for 6½ ins. Cast off.

Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 65 sts. Work the patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 81 sts. Work straight until side seams are 16 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 37 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 25 sts. Work the patt. for 7 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

P. 3 side is right side. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on cuffs. Sew centre panel between side panels. Sew on buttons. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

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A Striped Vest

(*Continued from page* 36)

THE YOKE (right side)

Cast on 56 sts. in lime and work st.st. for 2 rows lime and 2 rows navy, then 2 rows lime. Continue the stripes, but work 2 buttonholes in next row as follows : k. 4 sts., cast off 3, k. 22, cast off 3, k. to end. **Next row.**— * P. up to cast off, turn, cast on 3 sts., turn ; rep. from * to end of row. Work 14 rows straight. Work 2 buttonholes above first 2. Now k. 2 tog. at right edge of work on next and every other row until there are 30 rows worked, and 41 sts. Now work on 18 sts. on sloping edge, and dec. as before every other row but on *both* edges now until there are no sts. left. Continue on remaining 23 sts. and k. 2 tog. next the point just made, on every other row until there are 12 sts. left. Cast off 6 sts. at straight edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Now work a piece the same shape when *purl* side is facing to form a lining.

THE LEFT YOKE

Cast on and work as right with shaping at opposite edge. Make a piece for lining the same shape but with p. side facing.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 80 sts. Work the stripes for 4 rows. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 2½ ins. straight up from beg. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 104 sts. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams and ribbed part of shoulders. Sew linings to yoke. Press st.st. parts. Sew round buttonholes to keep pairs together. Sew collar in half. Sew on buttons. Sew in yokes. Sew on collar. Sew cuffs in half on to sleeve edges.

LARGER SIZES

THE BACK (36 size)

1 oz. more wool is needed. Cast on 106 sts. instead of 98. Inc. to 134 sts. instead of 126. Reduce to 98 sts. for shoulders and finish as 34 size.

THE FRONT

Work as back, 36 size, until armholes. Then k. 2 tog., work 39 sts. Cast off 52, work 39, k. 2 tog. Work on these last 40 sts. and dec. 18 times instead of 14. Finish as 34 size.

38 SIZE

Work as 36 size, using No. 9 needles for rib, and No. 10 for st.st. stripes.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

For hollow cheeks

1. Blow without pursing : With mouth closed tightly, place the first fingers over the cheekbones and the thumbs under the jowls. Inhale deeply and blow out the cheeks gently, without letting any air escape through the mouth or nostrils. Exhale and repeat this rhythmically ten times. Be careful not to purse the lips as you do this exercise.

For nose to mouth lines

2. Forcing the lower lip upward : Place first and second fingers of each hand on either side of nose with tips pointing upward. The fingers should be slightly spread out so that upper finger touches edge of eye socket. Close mouth, keeping lips relaxed. Now try to push lower lip upward as if you were forcing upper lip towards the eyes. Do not purse the lips. Repeat ten times.

For contour

3. Try to say " O " with jaws wide open : Open mouth as wide as you can. Each time try to open a little wider. Do not be afraid this will stretch your mouth. Hold chin down with both hands. Force lips to close slowly over wide open jaws. While doing this whisper " O." You will not be able to close the lips entirely with the jaws in a wide open position, but you should be able to draw them well together. Repeat ten times.

If you want a sound utility orange skin food, lemon skin food, or massage cream to use with these exercises, write and ask me for the names. And remember that cool water for a dry complexion and cold water for a greasy complexion make a very adequate skin tonic.

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Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY

No Uplift in Lord Byron

(*Continued from page* 16)

music, would make an arresting film. From the boy prodigy of long ago Hungary to the restless old wanderer on his Rome-Buda-Weimar triangle. Not overlooking a spell in the Vatican and a swoop by George Sand.

This masculine dame has, I believe, figured in a weak Chopin film but she is worth one all on her own—which she so seldom was in her heyday. The muddle she got into with respect to the true nature of her feelings towards Chopin would require careful handling. So would Freudian aspects of her bout with Musset on the Grand Canal. Aurore was a character, first in several things, including bobbed hair and modern woman's rights—or should that go to Mary Wolstonecroft, who is another probably on the barred list for the same old reason? But where is the uplift in shooting George in pyjamas, pulling at a black cigar, and chasing Balzac round the living-room? Correction: not Balzac, who talked her through three successive nights. Sand preferred chasing tutors.

It occurs that I haven't left the nineteenth century, so I'll stick to it, showing what a catalogue of absent films one could assemble by combing the centuries. Reverting to only yesterday, there's the story of Arabian Nights Burton and his lady, every bit a person in her own right even if she did beat all records in the lord and master stuff. India, Brazil, France, Africa, London, Trieste, Asia Minor. The overpowering Richard often left his companion to go on mysterious journeys and if stuffy Victorian England thought he gave off sinister perfumes at his returns, foreigners preferred to rank Burton as one of the strongest and most brilliant characters of his day.

The same ringing negative would assail the person who suggested a screening of Rossetti-Swinburne days. All this kind of thing, he would be told, is pagan, revolutionary, immoral, anti-social. And if the caller answered: "Yes, but it's also life as outstanding men and women lived it," he'd have to learn that the public is going to get what's considered good for it. To such as believe in the immense imparting possibilities of the film, this denial of lives from which one can glean so much so interestingly, cannot be reconciled with a grown-up nation, let alone a free one. We are given crookery and blood without end, and goody-goody drivel, and denied the "lived novels" of great people.

According to the newspapers, the public is already complaining about the poor films being offered. It is not difficult to foresee how such complaints will grow, once the excuse of the war no longer holds good. But it is going to be a long business before the screen ceases to be used as an instrument for moralizing. The money grip is too puissant. Only by a protracted dwindling of patronage at home and in the world market will our arbiter be prevailed upon to take his uplift elsewhere, leaving the screen to fulfil its great future as national educator-entertainer for a grown-up people.

END

The Dinghy

(*Continued from page* 32)

in authority. But to Adrian, the son of a wealthy manufacturer who had risen to affluence in the last war, there was something in David's quiet and easy assurance that aroused his deepest resentment, that made him delight in gaining ascendancy over him and belittling him at every opportunity. When they came down from the 'varsity there was no reason for their paths to cross again, but fate must have decreed otherwise.

It was sufficient for Adrian to have met Olive through David, and that David was obviously in love with her, that he should want to cut him out. It wasn't difficult. Brilliant conversationalist, witty, clever, and with the subtlety of a snake, he knew just when to be a "yes man" to her thoughts, when to be controversial and flattering. It had amused him to ask David to be best man.

And then the last time he had seen Olive when they had met by chance in London and he had taken her to lunch. He remembered the look of her eyes while she talked and chattered about the news, as if they were strangers. Never once did she mention Adrian and he wondered if this had been out of deference to his feelings. But her eyes gave her away and he interrupted at last and said, simply: "Olive, are you happy?"

She was silent for a moment, and then replied. "I wish you hadn't asked me that, David." And then, with feminine inconsistency, had added: "Oh, David, if I can't talk to somebody I'll burst. Can't we go into the park or somewhere and talk?"

So he had taken her to St. James's Park. And as they walked she poured out her heart and told him something of what her life had been those six months before the war. That Adrian was unfaithful to her, a libertine, she soon found out because he flaunted the fact at every opportunity. And this she might have tolerated, but what made her life completely unbearable was the knowledge that he never had loved her, that it had pleased his vanity to snatch her from David and to have the power of domination over her.

"Oh, David darling," she said, as they found two empty seats and sat down. "Why was I such a fool? Such a fool! It's an awful thing to say, but if anything happened to Adrian I should feel nothing but relief. But the devil's in that man. Nothing ever will. Oh, David," she added, "we could have been so happy, you and I."

And so he knew she loved him, and the knowledge thrilled him now as he lay in the bottom of the dinghy, a bit of flotsam on the vast spaces of the North Sea. So long as Olive was alive and in possible need of him there was still a purpose in life.

He was not uncomfortable and the heat generated by his exertions was kept in by his clothes, but the contrast afforded by the keen air and the experience of the last few hours was too much for him and he must have fallen asleep. A fitful sleep in which he had the curious feeling that he was being watched and, slowly, he opened his eyes without moving from his position. The clouds had appreciably risen and on the horizon was a thin orange streak bordered by a strip of metallic blue. Against this light of a wintry dawn was silhouetted the unkempt head of his companion. He noticed first the thin cynical mouth framed by a stubbly beard, the gaunt and sunken cheeks, and finally the eyes. They were the eyes of Adrian Teggart.

Once again the stillness was broken by the harsh cry of a gull and David, thankful for the excuse, looked round to see the bird flying low in a trough of the sea. And as he watched it rising and disappearing into the west he saw another speck in the sky and simultaneously heard the familiar drone of an aeroplane. Then another, and a third, and although obviously too far south, he knew their rescue now was but a matter of time. He turned to look at Adrian.

"It's too much to suggest, I suppose, that you don't find the situation—amusing?" he said at last.

"Faintly, I must admit," was the rejoinder.

"Well, I hardly think it will last long. Those coastal planes are on a search and are bound to spot us on their next lap."

"David," Adrian said, ignoring his remark. "You know, you can learn a lot in ten days—in a dinghy. Sort of alters your sense of values. Funny, isn't it?"

"Don't tell me you're going to reform and be a good boy, Adrian. I couldn't bear it. Besides it wouldn't wash—with me. You're a bit sorry for yourself now, but in a few days you'll be in your old form again."

"That's just it. I'm not likely to change—yet awhile anyway. But I was thinking of Olive. I've thought a lot of her these last days—and the days have been very long."

"Do you know," he went on, "that you mentioned her three times in your sleep?" The old cynical smile twisted his face. "I might have been jealous, David!"

The drone of an aircraft came swiftly nearer. Both looked up, but it was above the clouds. Then, as it sounded overhead, they heard the engines throttled back, and in another second it broke through.

Adrian spotted the black crosses first. "Lie down, you fool, it's a Jerry," he shouted.

David threw himself on the bottom of the dinghy. He heard the engines open up and hoped to God they wouldn't be spotted. The plane described a wide circle, but in another moment was diving straight at them.

SOME three weeks later, on a seven days' leave, David and Olive were married. It was the turn of the year and it seemed to David as he looked up at the black tracery of the trees in the park that, in spite of the frosty air, already they were sensitive that spring was not far behind. He felt the warm pressure of Olive's arm on his.

"Happy?" he asked.

"'Um," she replied. "Very. Oh, David," she added. "I feel so safe."

"Well, there's still a war on, you know," he said. "Safe from what?"

"Adrian," she said tersely. "He was all bad. He frightened me."

"No. Not all bad, dear. You know, he didn't say much to me. Didn't have time. But I have the idea that he wanted to say quite a bit. It wasn't altogether his long hours in the dinghy that changed him. I don't believe that, though they may have helped to crystallise his thoughts. The trouble with Adrian was that he was a cynic—or thought he was. He was ruthless because he thought all human nature was like that. But you can't do thirty operational trips in bombers and remain a cynic of human nature. Not with the R.A.F. boys. They'd get any cynic down."

"Tell me what you mean?"

"Well. I've visited his squadron. I've found out that his crew worshipped him. Would do anything for him. Somehow in the teamwork of that crew, in the sharing of fears and hopes and responsibilities, Adrian drank of the milk of human kindness and found his soul. When he started to talk to me in the dinghy and spoke of you I have the notion that that's what he wanted to tell me. He didn't know how to, of course, but the very fact that he said he could never change confirms my belief. His last act was an atonement to you."

"How was that, David?"

"When those blighters opened up at us he knew they couldn't fail to hit the dinghy. He couldn't have had much strength and there was plenty of room alongside, but somehow he managed to throw himself on top of me and I felt the bullets thud into his body."

She was silent for a moment and the tears welled up in her eyes. Finally she said: "That was a fine act, David, that he should have saved your life."

"Yes," he said simply. "And when he did that he was thinking of you."

END

1.2.44

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